

The Corsair.

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A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

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N^o. 1.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BROADWAY STREET.—EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. Q. PORTER.—TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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THE QUARTER DECK.

The craft is under way.

Officers to the quarter-deck to hear sailing orders and destination!

"We" are four.

Monsieur Moqueto! leave off bowing and step to starboard. It is understood that your immortal work on the *Tendon Achilles* having been stolen by what is called "an enterprising publisher," you are driven to the high seas for a subsistence.

"Justement!"

You are appointed second mate, with the right of taking command in all French ports, picking the pockets of all French prisoners, and superintending the *ragouts* of the mess. Retire to larboard!

Professor Hinkspiller! your case is similar. Presuming that in an enlightened republic, the stranger's property was respected, you printed, at your own expense, your delightful travels in Schmokeland. But in consequence of a cheaper edition which followed in two hours and a half from the press of Messrs. Harpy & Wily, you were entirely ruined.

"Yaw, mein commodore!"

You are appointed fourth in command, with the privilege of fighting in your own smoke, distinguishing stem from stern in all Low-Country craft, directing the land service on the Continent, and approving the captain's Rhein wein and Kirchwasser. Slip your meerschaum to leeward!

You are aware, gentlemen, that the chief mate and myself are citizens of the free and happy republic at which our red flag points, as the wind sits on this quarter. Relying on a government which professed to protect home manufactures, we passed our youth in acquiring the art of book-making. The traders in this article, however, having been long authorised by the laws in plundering a friendly power of its literary wares, of course offered next to nothing for the home production. American authors and their property, therefore, being virtually outlawed, while the manufactures of cottons, woollens, and the like, were protected by vigilant legislation—in other words, the labor of the *hands* being protected, while that of the *head* was injuriously abandoned—we were driven by necessity, as well as example, to send our productions to the English market.

"C'est à dire, to become almost? English subjects."

English subjects altogether, Monsieur Moqueto! For that government having passed a law depriving of copy-right in England, all nations who do not extend the same privilege to their own authors, there is but one possible course by which an American author can gain a livelihood.

"An' zat?"

Is to strip his works of all suspicion of Americanism, and write anonymously as an Englishman! (Trim the mainsail there, and look out for squalls!)

Outlawed by our country, therefore, which refuses to protect us as authors—outlawed by England, which retaliates (justly) upon us our legalised robbery of her literary men—we hoist the red flag and put to sea for reprisal.

"Vive le pavillon rouge!"

"Es lebe die rothe flagge!"

Thanks for your enthusiasm, gentlemen! Our sailing orders are simple: Overhaul every craft on the literary seas—ransack her lading—take out of her what is valuable, and send her on her voyage. By never lying-to for a long yarn, keeping a sharp look-out from the mast-head, carrying on sail in all weathers, and shewing our teeth when occasion offers, we shall at least have a merry run and a touch at all that floats. (Mast-head there! keep a look-out to nor'ard for barque Boz, a queer craft, *all-of-a-twint*, and a free sailor! D'yé hear?

"Ay, ay, sir."

And hark'ye, gentlemen! In rummaging your prizes, recollect the size of the Corsair's hold. Take a little of every thing, but never lumber the

craft! Light lading and fast sailing! Look out for gold and spices, and leave the calico for those who come after. Respect your prisoner's persons (when you have picked their pockets,) but scuttle all who sail under false colors, and stand by to board if we come alongside of one that owes us a reckoning! (Boatswain, below there!)

"Ay, ay, sir."

Pipe all hands on deck and set your stu'n' sails! Put her before the wind, quarter-master, and look out for strange sails!

And now, gentlemen, we'll step below and see what shot's in the locker! (Keep her up! there! Keep her up!)

THE USURER MATCHED.

Extracts from Act V. of the new play by N. P. Willis, about to be produced at the National Theatre, with Mr. Wallack in the principal character.

Tortesa, a low-born but wealthy usurer, has arrived at the Palace of Count Falcone, to wed Isabella, the Count's daughter.

Enter Tortesa.

* * * * *
Tortesa. Good-day, my lords!
First Lord. Good-day!

Second Lord. The sun
Smiles on you, signor! 'Tis a happy omen,
They say, to wed in sunshine.

Tortesa. Why, I think
The sun's not displeased that I should wed.

First Lord. We're happy, sir, to have you one of us.

Tortesa. What have I been till now? I was a man

Before I saw your faces. Where's the change?

Have I tail since? Am I grown a monkey?

(Lords whisper together and walk from him.)

Oh for a mint to coin the world again,

And melt the mark of gentlemen from clowns.

It puts me out of patience. Here's a fellow,

Has, like a penny in a Jew's close pocket,

Stolen the colour of a worthier coin,

And thinks he rings like sterling courtesy!

Yet look! He cannot phrase you a good-morrow,

Or say he's sad or glad at any thing,

But close beneath it, rank as verdigris,

Lies an insulting rudeness! He was "happy"

That I should *now* be one of them. Now!—*now*!—

As if, till now, I'd been a dunghill grub,

And was but just turned butterfly!

(A lady advances to him.)

Fair sir!

I must take leave to say, were you my brother,
You've made the choice that would have pleased me best.
Your bride's as good as fair!

Tortesa. I thank you, madam!

To be your friend, she should be "good and fair."

(Lady bows and passes on.)

How like a drop of oil upon the sea

Falls 'e apt word of woman! So! her "brother!"

Why, there could be no contumely there!

I might, for all I look, have been her brother,

Else her first thought had never coupled us!

I'll pluck some self-contentment out of that!

The assembled guests are thrown into consternation with the sudden intelligence that the bride is dead. The bearer of the news relates the particulars, and states that the monk who was to have married them, is preparing to bear her, in her bridal dress, to lie in state in the Falcone chapel. The guests prepare to go to chapel, when Tortesa confronts them at the door.

Tortesa. Hold!

Let no one try to pass!

First Lord. What mean you, sir?

Tortesa. To keep you here till you have got your story

Pat to the tongue—the truth on't, and no more!

Lady. Have you a doubt the bride is dead, good signor?

Tortesa. A palace, see you, has a-tricky air!

When I am told a tradesman's daughter's dead,

I know the coffin holds an honest corse,

Sped in sad earnest, to eternity!

But were I stranger in the streets to-day,

And heard that an ambitious usurer,

With lands and money having bought a lady,

High-born and free, she died before the bridal!

I would lay odds with him that told me of it,

The Corsair.

She'd rise again—before the resurrection!
So stand back all! If I'm to fill to-day
The pricking ears of Florence with a lie,
The bridal guests shall tell the tale so truly,
And mournfully, from eyesight of the corse,
That e'en the shrewdest listeners shall believe,
And I myself have no misgiving of it.
Look where they come!

(Monk enters followed by bearers with the body, Count Falcone and others following. Tortesa advances.)

Tortesa. What's this you beat away ?
Monk. Follow our steps, my son, but stay us not !
Tortesa. If thereon lie the lady Isabella,
I ask to see her face before she pass !
Monk. Stand from the path, I say—it cannot be !
Tortesa. What right have you to take me for a stone ?
See what you do ! I stand, a bridegroom, here !
A minute since the joyous music playing
That promised me a fair and blushing bride.
The flow'rs are fragrant and the guests made welcome ;
And while my heart beats at the op'ning door,
And eagerly I look to see her come—
There enters, in her stead, a cover'd corsé !
And when I ask to look upon her face—
One look—before my bride is gone for ever—
You find it in your hearts to say me nay !
Shame ! Shame !

Count Falcone. (*Sternly.*) Lead on!
Tortesa. My lord, by covenant—
By contract writ and seal'd—by value render'd—
By her own promise—nay, by all save taking,
This body's mine! I'll have it set down here,
And wait my pleasure! See it done, my lord!
Or I will, for you!

Monk. (*To the bearers.*) Set the body down!
Tortesa. Come hither all! Nay, father, look not black!
If o'er the azure temper of this blade
There comes no mist, when laid upon her lips,
I'll do a penance for irreverence,
And fill your sack with penitential gold!
Look well!

(He holds his sword blade to Isabella's lips, and after watching it breathlessly for a moment, drops on his knee beside the bier.)

Without betraying too much of the plot, we may give part of a scene in the fifth act. Isabella, the morning after her supposed death, is in the house of her lover, the poor painter Angelo. Her portrait (during the painting of which they had become enamored) nearly finished, stands on the easel, and he is near it with his pencil and palette.

Isabella. No ! we'll keep a holiday,
And waste the hours in love and idleness !
You shall not paint to-day, dear Angelo !

Angelo. But listen !

Isabella. No ! I'm jealous of my picture—
For all you give to that, is stol'n from me !
I like not half a look, that turns away
Without an answer from the eyes it met !
I care not you should see my lips' bright color,
Nor wait not for the breath that flutters between

Yet wait not for the breath that floats between !
Angelo. Wilt listen ?
Isabella. Listen ? yes, a thousand years !
But there's a pencil in those restless fingers
That you've a trick of touching to your lips,
And while you talk,—my hand would do as well ?
And if it's the same tale you told before,
Of certain vigils you forgot to keep,
Look deep into my eyes till it is done—
For, like the childrens' lady-in-the-well,
I only hark because you're looking in !
Will you talk thus to me ?

Will you talk thus to me?
Angelo. Come night, I will!
But close upon thy voice, sweet Isabella!
There sinks a boding whisper in mine ear
That tells of sudden parting. If 'tis false,
We shall have still a lifetime for our love,
But if 'tis true, oh think, that, in my picture,
Will lie the footprint of an angel gone!
Let me but make it clearer!

Let me but make it clearer!
Isabella. Now, by heaven!
I think thou lov'st the picture, and not me!
So different am I, that, did I think
To lose thee presently by death or parting,
For thy least look, or word, or slightest motion—
Nay—for so little breath as makes a sigh—
I would not take, to have it pass untreasured,

The empire of a star !
Angelo, who, while she was speaking, has made some rapid touches upon the canvas, dashes his pencil to the ground.

Angele. My picture's finished !
Break, oh enchanted pencil ! thou wilt never
On earth again, do miracle so fair !
Oh Isabella ! as the dusky ore
Waits for the lightning's flash to turn to gold,
As the dull vapor waits for Hesperus,
Then falls in dew-drops and reflects a star,

So waited I that fire upon thy lips
To make my master-piece complete in beauty !
Isabella. This is ambition where I looked for love !—
The fancy flattering where the heart should murmur !
I think you have no heart !

Angeilo. Your feet are on it !
The heart is ever lowly with the fortunes,
While the proud mind sits level with a king !
I gave you long ago both heart and soul—
But only one has dared to speak to you !
Yet, if astonishment will cure the dumb,
Give it a kiss—

Isabella. (Smiling.) Lo! where it speaks at last

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THE FUGITIVE OF THE JURA

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, FOR THE CORSAIR.
BY PROFESSOR HINKSPILLER.

CHAP. I.—THE ESCAPE

When France, in the year 1798, intermeddling with the civil disturbances of the Swiss, had destroyed the ancient Helvetic Union, and overwhelmed with its troops the whole of that mountain land, many of the most respectable men of the country were transported to the interior of France, to be detained as pledges for the payment of certain contributions, which had been imposed upon the oligarchic cities; or were removed as men, whose influence and authority with the people were well known, and whose determined hatred to the new order of things was feared.

For such, might a young Switzer have been taken, who, closely watched, was, in the last week of May, 1799, carried through *Lausanne* and *Yverdun* to *Besancen*. Yet he appeared too young to have been elected to any important magisterial office of his country; for he could hardly have numbered thirty years. And his exterior did not indicate sufficient wealth to warrant the idea of his being a hostage for one of the taxed cities. He was in a miserable wagon; two French soldiers were seated by him, one on each side. Their loaded muskets leaned against a bundle of straw before them, on which was seated a peasant, who was probably the owner of the vehicle.

on which was seated a peasant, who was probably the owner of the vehicle. Under these circumstances, the appearance of the prisoner drew forth the sympathy of every passer-by. His tall figure, his spirited countenance, the proud, piercing glance of his dark blue eye, and the calm dignity of his whole deportment, bespoke the well educated man. But the paleness of his countenance, more than all, won the pity of every one, for on his grey dress-coat, which was buttoned in front, and on the green velvet collar around his neck, were to be seen large drops of clotted blood, probably his own, and shed, perhaps, in his struggles for his country. There was in his movements an appearance of pain and of extreme weakness, and when he spoke, his voice was low and feeble.

His warlike companions, a corporal and a private, treated him with civility and forbearance, and seemed as much as possible to endeavor to alleviate his sufferings. Probably his liberality had gone far to produce this effect, for he took care whenever they stopped, to enliven them with a glass of

He took care whenever they stopped, to charm them with a glass of good wine.

They stopped for the night in the village of *Balaigues*, and when, early the next morning, they led him to the wagon, he became so weak, that he sank fainting between them to the ground. "Let me die here, at least let me die on the soil of Switzerland," said he in a broken voice; "you will never carry me alive to *Besancón*."

The soldiers carried him back to the bar-room, and appeared much embarrassed ; they feared he would die on their hands. All in the house rushed into the room, and surrounded the unfortunate man ; they were anxious to send for a physician, who lived at some distance. The soldiers objected to this, and were of opinion that their prisoner would soon recover.

"Indeed," said the corporal, "I am very sorry for him; but, "living or dead, he must go, and that to-day, as far at least as *Pontarlier*. He is under my care; I have my orders, therefore forward! Take him and lay him in the wagon."

"Zounds," exclaimed the corporal, who also had tasted a little of the cherry, "that is more than I can do, sound as I am. He swings like a Russian!" The people of the inn, who were gathered around the prisoner, were filled with the utmost astonishment, at the thirst of the dying drinker. He then paid the host, arose, and begged that some person might assist him to reach the wagon. They took him up and placed him on the seat of the carriage. The soldiers seated themselves by him as before, one on either side, and they rode away across the frontier into the French territory. After some hours, they reached *Chaux-de-joux*, where the contracted rocks and mountains formed the defile of *La Cluse*. Here the prisoner groaned more painfully, and seemed not to have sufficient strength remaining to enable him to maintain his upright posture between his guards. He threw an arm around the neck of each, as if in this way to support himself.

But, suddenly seizing the necks of the frightened soldiers with the grasp of a giant, he brought their heads into violent contact with each other, and repeatedly dashed their faces together with so terrible a strength, that the blood ran in streams from their foreheads and noses, and they sank, stunned and senseless, upon the bottom of the wagon. When the peasant on the bundle of straw looked behind him and saw the soldiers writhing in blood, and the prisoner on the point of springing from the carriage to seize the rifles of the soldiers, he also in terror, jumped from the wagon and fled. He heard a crash behind him, and turning, saw the prisoner dash the stocks of the rifles against the ground, then, throwing them far from him, hasten rapidly away; at first, and for a long distance, he pursued the highway, then striking off in another direction, swiftly ascended the mountain. He sprang like a chamois from rock to rock, and from cliff to cliff, and, as if he had

wings, darted up the steep and dizzy heights, where the foot of man had never stood before. He then vanished among the bushes between the huge masses of rocks, into which the mountain had been shivered.

Neither the astonished peasant, who might have supposed that the half-dead prisoner was possessed with the devil, nor the two soldiers, who did not recover their senses for a long time, thought of pursuing the fugitive. It, therefore, becomes the greater duty with us to follow him and learn whither he goes.

The young man, who had probably long since framed the plan for his escape, played his part as a dying man with a master's skill; completely lulling the suspicions and watchfulness of his guards. For he hastened with long, light steps, now down, now up the mountain, yet always westward, towards the wilder and higher ridges of the Jura. He did not deviate from the course he had at first taken, except when it brought him to some solitary mountain hut, or nearer to some distant human figure. Trodden paths were not for him. He breathed freely only when, after two or three hours, he reached the top of a high mountain, whence he thought he could overlook the surrounding country.

There, far above the valleys and habitations of man, in the silent wilderness which the solitary eagle alone loves, he at last rested. He drank deep inspirations of the purer mountain air, whose cool streams dried the perspiration on his brow, and strayed refreshingly through the bright locks of his golden hair. Far down the abyss beneath his feet, waved the bright tops of the pine. Towards the east stretched, sometimes in regular ranges, sometimes interrupted by the long forest ridges of the mountains, which encircled the uniform green carpet of the valleys. It seemed like an endless green-sea view, but on which the tops of the broad huge waves stood, blackened by the gloomy sky. Towards the west, the mountain shelved off to the broad grey plains of France, over which, streaks of forest land hung like shadowy clouds. Towards the south, far beyond the lakes and valleys, the silvery ranges of the Alps, as if woven of radiant exhalations, glittered on the horizon like motionless and rended clouds. Towards these the fugitive, long, earnestly, pensively and gloomily gazed. His eyes then wandered once more over the extended landscape, that he might decide on the course next to be pursued.

After he had refreshed himself, he passed along over the sharp and craggy ridge of shattered rock, in order to reach a high peak, that afforded a more extensive prospect, unobstructed by the trees that now intercepted his view.

CHAP. II.—THE SYBIL.

When he reached the top of the peak, after crossing loose fragments of the bald grey rock, which, touched by his foot, rolled thundering down the abyss beneath him, he was startled by the sight of a human being. It was an aged woman, seated on a moss-grown rock, her eyes immovably fixed on the distant blue horizon. Her jacket and petticoat of a half-woollen nut-brown cloth, in which the white linen threads of the web were, from long use, distinctly visible, indicated poverty. But her white cap and small blue shawl, together with red striped apron of coarse linen, gave to her person an air of agreeable neatness. Her withered right hand leaned upon a hawthorn crutch: her left upon her knee, supported her chin. Her sunburnt and wrinkled face would not have been disagreeable from a certain expression of goodness, which rested there, had not a soft reddish beard, like a grey shadow, encircled her chin and lips.

The fugitive, after regarding her for a few moments in silence, saluted her with a loud voice. The old woman turned towards him as if awaking from a dream, returned his greeting, and without embarrassment, earnestly gazed at him. He seated himself opposite to her, took out his bread and made his frugal meal, occasionally offering a remark on the country, and the weather—for the purpose of commencing a conversation. The old woman answering not a syllable, still continued to stare in his face. When, after a long gaze, she returned an answer to his questions, she gave it like a person whose mind is occupied by another subject, and who dreams with open eyes. But he had discovered, and the reflection gave him no little comfort, that he was no longer on French ground; but that he was in the territory of the principality of Neuenburg, and in fact, on the summit of the *Gros Taureau*, in the neighborhood of the village of *Les Verrières*.

"Whence come you, if that question may be allowed?" asked the woman, after a long and unbroken silence, during which her eyes had continued dreamingly to rest upon his face.

He pointed with his hand to the east, and said, "My home is there, beyond where the last of the Alps is visible."

"From the Grisons?" asked the old woman, with animation. The fugitive turned his eyes aside, and could not conceal a certain surprise he felt at her question.

"From that vicinity," replied he.

"Fear nothing from me," said the old woman, "you are perfectly safe. Did you not come from France, perhaps from Pontarlier; have you not been a prisoner and escaped?"

The young man confessed it without hesitation.

"And is this human blood?" inquired she, pointing to the spots on his grey coat and pantaloons. "And that is still entirely fresh!"

The fugitive now for the first time observed the spots of fresh blood upon his clothes. He related without concealment, in what manner he had escaped from the soldiers near Pontarlier, and inquired whether he could be safe in Neuenburg from the violence and pursuit of the French.

"To be sure!" said the old woman. "France is at peace with Prussia, and the king of Prussia governs this country. Violence you need not fear; but you will do well to live in a retired neighborhood, and to beware of snares. For the purpose of telling you this, have I come hither."

"What?" cried the fugitive, "you could not have known, mother, that you would find me here."

"Spite of your doubts, young man, it was for this that I was sent here."

"That is impossible!" cried the fugitive. "No human being knows me in this country, which for the first time in my life I have now entered."

"But this land, ere long, you will ever remember, and soon as dearly as your own among the high Alps. Your home is in a wide-spread valley, near the middle of it I see your beautiful house, under high trees and near a wild torrent, which comes foaming down from a neighboring mountain.

The grey precipices on either side rise to the heavens; and in the background of the landscape, where the valley closes, it seems walled in by a mountain of ice and snow. Here it is otherwise. Our mountains, in comparison, are mere hills." The young man gazed at the old woman with open eyes, and demanded with astonishment, "Have you seen my home? Tell me, then, what is it you mean?"

The old woman replied: "I know not its name, but I think I see it distinctly; and you, young man, I see also, with a hunting rifle among the high mountains, accompanied by a friend. You are a brave, upright man; hold fast to your sterling integrity. You have always meant well; but you would have had less trouble, if you had been less passionate, and if you had not sometimes been too proud of your personal strength. It is well for you that you are not married, as they would sometimes have forced you to be. There has been much strife in your family. Now you are as free as a bird in the air. You have often been asked, if you were not fettered by some attachment, that you so constantly rejected all proposals of marriage. You answered truly: No. Yet now, when no one inquires of you, do you bear about with you through the world, a longing desire, and know not where to find a balm for the hidden wound. Listen to my advice; go to the Fairy-temple, and ask of sleep for a revealing dream."

The old woman ceased, but still continued gazing at him. Her eyes were fixed, and seemed protruded, and something strangely awful rested upon her countenance. The fugitive sat before her, like one petrified. He listened still, although she no longer spoke.

"If you do not know me, mother, who has told you all these things?"

"Who could tell me, young man, what you yourself have never breathed to any one? But you ought not to have disturbed me," said she somewhat angrily, and rubbing her eyes she seemed like one just awakened from sleep. She looked to the right and left and then turning to him said: Now all is vanishing away like mist; and yet it seems to me as if I had not told you as much of the future as your welfare requires. Now all is gone."

"How know you, what you have told me?" demanded the stranger.

The old woman with outspread fingers, raised her hands high in the air, and waving them up and down, fixed her eyes on the distant horizon and shook her head as if by this motion she would say, "It comes, I know not whence, and if I knew, I should not dare to tell you."

"Can you tell me any thing more, mother?"

"It is gone, all is gone. The vision fades darkly away as if strange events were to be expected. You have talents to secure your success; and for this misfortune pursues you; more I know not."

Like a prophetic Sybil the old woman sat on a peak of the rock before him. He grew uneasy in her company. At first he almost believed her to be one of those mysterious beings, who, as the superstitious believe, dwell in the recesses of mountains, and who appear to herdsmen and to lost travellers, sometimes as dwarfs, sometimes as dancing elves, and sometimes in other fantastic forms. The next moment he believed her to be a lunatic, wandering about among the mountains of this region. But when he thought of all she had told him of his domestic relations, of himself and of his past life, of things which in part he had never revealed, of others which could be known only to his own family—he could not help suspecting witchcraft.

"Mother," said he, "you must have travelled far in the world?"

She laid her finger significantly on her forehead, and answered him with half a smile: "I believe that,—far—very far! but here in spirits! Not with the foot on the high-road. I have been four times in *Neuenburg*; the last time at the instalment of the kingly governor. There was much splendor there. I have been many times in *Locle*, but not farther."

"And where do you live?"

She drew a circle with her crutch in the air, and said, "all over the mountains, in every hut they give me the favourite seat. I am every where well known and I require little."

"And what has brought you up this high peak, which even a young person would find it difficult to ascend? It was not pleasure?"

"Young man, I go whither I must, when it may seem that I go whither I will. The mind directs the foot of man. To-day I was sent hither to await you."

With these words she stood up. She was a meagre and remarkably tall woman. Without taking leave she departed; but soon stopt and beckoned to the stranger with her crutch. He descended to her. She pointed with her staff to a place in the woods under the peak, about half an hour's walk from them, and said, "there you will find pure water; it comes, no one knows whence, and flows, no one knows whither, there cleanse your clothes from blood; human blood becomes not the garments of man."

"And shall I find dwellings in the neighborhood?"

"When you are there, you will see *Les Verrières* in the valley, through which passes the high-road of *Pontarlier*. But you must not remain where pursuit would be so easy. Go through *Les Verrières* up the mountain to the *Jeannets* or the *Fairy-steep*. There you will find solitude and security."

After these words the old woman turned, and with long and rapid steps traversed the ridge of the mountain until she vanished from his sight among the pine-shrubs, above which her tall figure was long visible.

CHAP. III.—THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

"Nonsense!" murmured the young man, as he descended from the solitary height of the mountain to the designated spot in the wood. In this sublime solitude, sentiments and feelings had occupied his bosom which he found it difficult to explain even to himself. His escape from prison—his meeting with the mysterious Sybil on the peak of the Gros-Taureau—the words she had spoken—the memories she had awakened—all seemed to be so uncommon, so strange and fabulous, that he felt, as if in leaping from the wagon, he had leaped into another world.

Beneath him, in the valley and in the mountain meadows, he saw in all directions scattered habitations of man. But he still continued his way along the mountain ridge, in order that the darkness of the pinewoods might conceal his bloody clothes, which, if seen, would most certainly awaken suspicion. He then sought for the water, which the Sybil had so carefully pointed out, but which he did not find until after long search. It was merely a little pool, hidden among the bushes, and formed in a hollow of the

ground by rain-water, and appeared to have served as a drinking trough for cattle. Here in the solitude of the woods he commenced the necessary ablutions. He undressed himself, and first washed the dark red stains from his pantaloons. The work, although an unusual one for him, went on prosperously. He however made the unpleasant discovery, that his body linen required the benefit of the same labors of love. Having worn it three weeks, it was fast becoming of a sorrel color; but it was all he possessed. He then took from the broad girdle which he wore about his waist, some pieces of gold, that he might hold in his hand a key to unlock the friendship and kindness of men, seldom opened to the beggar or vagrant, like both of which he now appeared. Having made his arrangements, he again kneeled down to remove the blood-stains from his coat.

He was in the midst of this employment, when he was startled by the sound of a human voice. "I think I will follow your example." The fugitive looked up. Behind him stood a small man dressed in black, who carefully deposited at the foot of a pine-tree a great book, a hammer, and a bundle of flowers, then a muslin cravat no longer white, then his dusty shoes, and a pair of torn stockings, which some weeks previously had most probably been clean.

"When one has nothing better in hand, this is useful, though somewhat mean employment" said the gentleman in black, as he also knelt down by the water. "But why do you wash your coat?" "I slipped in walking, and soiled it on the ground," answered the young man.

"Friend," cried the gentleman, examining the pool of water with great attention, "you must show me where your foot or the ground became unfaithful to you. Do you not see that this water is dyed a reddish brown? This comes manifestly from iron ore. Were you in the vicinity of *Fenin*, or near the neighborhood of *La Brevine*, where I so long have sought in vain the beds of iron, whose particles impregnate the waters of the springs? The country will be indebted to your mischance for a most important discovery."

"I have been so short a time in this region, and am so much a stranger, that I am unable to tell you the name of the place."

"But you intend to remain in the country some time."

"I think I shall, and it will give me pleasure to become acquainted with the principality which is so nearly connected with Switzerland."

"Excellent, excellent! You can learn a great deal of me. I am Professor Onyx. Only inquire for me. I will conduct you every where. But in the first place we must look after the iron-bed, on which you are so happy as to have fallen. Sir, this bed once brought to light, and the fortune of the country is made. I will immediately build a foundry and iron-works. We have plenty of wood, and if necessary, turf for the small fires."

The fugitive looked inquiringly at his companion, who kneeled beside him, without suffering himself to be interrupted—and went on still dilating on the immense advantage of the iron-works, and calculating the amount of capital necessary for the enterprise—whilst he washed his stockings. At last making a pause, his auditor observed, "Without doubt, Professor, you are a teacher in some institution in this vicinity?"

"O, by no means, my beloved friend!" cried the professor. I live independently. I have problems of a far different nature to solve than that of flogging latin into rude boys. You never would believe, in what incredible ignorance the people here live. There they sit, making watchwheels, watchsprings, watchchains, weaving lace together, and do not dream of the treasures of the soil on which they tread. They know not even how to cultivate their farms, and in raising cattle they are a century behind hand. In the monotony of their mechanical labor, men become themselves unthinking machines, blind to the treasures of nature as the beasts that live with them under the same roof. Manufacturing establishments should not be allowed in any state, until the population becomes too numerous for the soil. I have written a learned treatise on the subject, and hope the government will gain some new notions from it. The people here are too free; they will not allow themselves to be governed; they adhere to the old system like the tick to sheep. Some one must enforce better example; mere demonstration avails nothing. In the first place we will attend to the iron-foundry. This will give an impetus to the cultivation of forest trees, bring turf into more general use, and drain the extensive marshes, and render them fit for cultivation."

The professor went on explaining his views of financial affairs, until the washing was not only completed, but their clothes more than half dried by the hot rays of the sun, which now and then shone upon them through the thick clouds as they hung upon the high stumps around. The fugitive drew on his coat; the professor would have done the same with his stockings, but found to his astonishment that the water still dropped from them, although they had been hanging more than an hour.

"See here, see here, my dear sir!" cried he, "this is astonishing! how shall we explain this phenomenon. Woollen cloth always holds water much longer than thin cotton, and your coat is quite dry, while my stockings, and even my cravat, are completely wet. It is astonishing!"

The fugitive smiled and said, "perhaps in the earnestness of your conversation you forgot to wring them."

Mr. Onyx elevated his eyebrows and shook his head. "No, that cannot be the fundamental cause of this imperfect evaporation. Should I have wrung them, when I drew them out of the water? No, by no means! I cannot be mistaken. But it is of little consequence. Let us return to our iron-foundry. Saying this he rolled his wet clothes together and stuffed them into the pocket of his black coat, then thrusting his naked feet into his shoes, observed, "people do not stand upon ceremony in this country."

The fugitive was more anxious to find food and shelter than to become acquainted with all the natural curiosities of the principality of Neuenburg.

"Where do you reside?" inquired he of the scholar.

"For this summer upon the heights of the Bayard."

"And where do you intend to reside, sir?"

The fugitive remembered the advice of the Sybil on the Gros-Taureau, the pursuance of which proved in a high degree serviceable to him, namely, to seek a remote solitude either in the Teannets or the Fairy-steep. He mentioned these places to the professor.

"Oh!" cried the professor, "delightful; I will accompany you through the village of Les Verrières, there I will turn to the left and go up the

Bayard, and you to the right up the mountain to the Fairy-steep. I will call on you very soon. I know every body there. They are good people, but they are ignorant and insensible to an incredible degree, and have no idea of bettering their condition. Even the hospitable old Staford, who likes to read in the winter, when I carry him books, makes no exception to the rule. With whom will you reside, and where shall I find you?"

The fugitive did not hesitate long, but mentioned the name of Stafford, which but a moment before he had heard coupled with the commendable appellation, *hospitable*. "Excellent!" cried the professor; "Stafford is my particular friend; present my respects to him, and were he a heathen—and he is half a one—I would love him. Besides, I tell you, Mr. ——, Mr. —— how? Did you not just now tell me your name, and is it possible I have forgotten it so soon. It is very astonishing, how my memory runs away from me. I must beg your name once more."

"For shortness, call me Florian."

"Well then, Mr. Florian, you will not live four weeks in this principality without wishing yourself away from these Hottentots."

At this moment large drops of rain, falling through the pine-boughs from the densely clouded sky, together with distant peals of thunder, announced an approaching tempest. Mr. Onyx, throwing an anxious glance around, hastily snatching his book, his hammer, and his flowers from the ground, cried, "let us hasten from this wood, every pine-tree attracts the lightning, and you will hardly believe it, the lightning has a peculiar inclination for my person. It is astonishing, how it pursues me. Would that I were in my own house at the top of the Bayard, that is protected by a lightning rod; but you will not be able to find another safe place in the whole region. Saying this, Mr. Onyx took to his heels. They hastened out of the wood in an oblique direction through the meadows down towards the valley. The tempest approached nearer, the thunder and lightning became more frequent. The professor found his bundle of flowers growing heavy, and to disengage himself, he threw them away. "We must sacrifice every thing for life!" sighed he, and to facilitate his flight, he, drawing from the pockets of his coat, whose skirts, as he ran, beat heavily against his limbs, one stone after another, he threw them away.

They soon reached the extensive village, *Les Verrières*, which is built along the high-road of Pontarlier. The mountains which enclosed the valley were not very high, and the valley itself was at an elevation of several thousand feet. The rain poured down in torrents. The grey clouds grew darker and settled heavily on the summits of the mountain, while the incessant flashes of lightning seemed to mingle them and the mass of falling rain in one blaze.

Mr. Onyx flew like an arrow over the broad road towards a white house with green blinds, and darting up a flight of a high stair steps, entered a door at the left. Florian followed his flying footsteps into a spacious bar-room, where he immediately called for wine and other refreshments; for he had eaten scarcely any thing all day.

The professor did not wait to be urged to partake of the refreshments. He drew the table to the middle of the room, and carefully measured its distance from the window, door, and stove, seated himself at it, remarking, "now we are as safe as we can be, in a house that has no lightning rod." They ate with appetite, Florian attentively filling the glasses, while Mr. Onyx as attentively and cordially emptied them. "Beloved friend," said he, this white nectar of Neuenburg is the only good thing which the people of this country know how to produce. I could not improve it myself.

HANDY ANDY.

THE WRONG BOX.

It was some miles to Andy's home, and night overtook him on the way. Poor Andy! he had just escaped the miseries of one blunder to fall into the meshes of another. As he trudged along in the middle of the road, he was looking up at some few stars that twinkled through the gloom, absorbed in many sublime thoughts as to their existence, and wondering what they were made of, when his cogitations were cut short by tumbling over something that lay in the middle of the highway; and on scrambling to his legs again, and seeking to investigate the cause of his fall, he was rather surprised to find a man lying in such a state of insensibility that all Andy's efforts could not rouse him. While he was standing over him, undecided as to what he should do, the sound of approaching wheels, and the rapid steps of galloping horses attracted his attention; and it became evident that unless the chaise and pair which he now saw in advance were brought to a pull up, the ears of the man in the middle of the road would be very soon over. Andy shouted lustily, but to every "Hallo there!" he gave the crack of a whip replied, and accelerated speed instead of a halt was the consequence; at last, in desperation, Andy planted himself in the middle of the road, and, with outspread arms before the horses, succeeded in arresting their progress, while he shouted "Stop!" at the top of his voice.

A pistol shot from the chaise was the consequence of Andy's summons, for Adolphus Johnstone, Esquire, an English young gentleman travelling from the Castle of Dublin, never dreamed that a humane person could produce the cry of "Stop" on a *horrid Irish road*; and as he was reared in the ridiculous belief that every man ran a great risk of his life who ventured outside the city of Dublin, he travelled with a brace of loaded pistols beside him; and as he had been anticipating murder and robbery ever since nightfall, he did not await the demand for his "money or his life" to defend both, but fired away the instant he heard the word "stop;" and fortunate it was for Andy that his hurry impaired his aim. Before he could discharge a second pistol, Andy had screened himself under the horses' heads, and recognizing in the postilion, Micky Doolin (Owny Doyle's driver), he shouted out, "Micky, jewel, don't let them be shootin' me!"

"Who are you at all?" said Mick.

"Andy Rooney, sure."

"And what do you want?"

"To save the man's life."

The last words only caught the ear of the effeminate Adolphus, or, as his friends familiarly and appropriately called him, "Dolly"; and as "his life" seemed a personal threat to himself, he grasped his second pistol, and swore a soft oath at the postilion, that he would shoot him if he did not

Dwive on, for the gentle "Dolly" abjured the use of that rough letter, R, which the Irish so much rejoice in.

"Dwive on, you wascal, dwive on!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone.

"There's no fear o' you, sir," said Micky, "it's a friend o' my own."

Mr. Johnstone was not quite satisfied that he was therefore the safer.

"And what is it at all, Andy?" continued Mick.

"I tell you there's a man lying dead in the road there, and sure you'll kill him if you dhrive over him: light, will you, and help me to raise him."

Mick dismounted and assisted Andy in lifting the prostrate man from the centre of the road to the slope of turf that bordered its side. That he was not dead the warmth of the body testified; but that it should be only sleep seemed astonishing, considering the quantity of shaking and kicking that proved unavailing to dispel it.

"I b'lieve its dhruke he is," said Mick.

"He gave a grunt that time," said Andy—"shake him again and he'll speake."

To a fresh shaking the drunken man at last gave some tokens of returning consciousness by making several winding blows at his benefactors, and uttering some half intelligible maledictions.

"Bad luck to you, do you know where you are?" said Mick.

"Well!" was the drunken ejaculation.

"By this and that it's my brother Pether!" said Mick. "We wondered what had kept him so late with the return shay, and this is the way is it; he tumbled off his horses dhruke—and where's the shay, I wonder. Oh, murdher! What will Misther Doyle say!"

"What's the weason you don't dwive on?" said Mr. Johnstone, putting his head out of the chaise.

"It's one on the road here, your honor, a'most killed."

"Was it wobbers?" asked Mr. Jonstone.

"Maybe you'd take him into the shay wid you, sir?"

"What a wequest!—dwive on, sir."

"Sure I can't lave my brother on the road, sir."

"Your bwother!—and you pwesume to put your brother to wide with me?"

"How do you mane too wide, sir—there's room enough if he was as wide again."

"You'll put me in the debdest wage if you don't dwive on"

"Faith, then, I won't dhrive on and lave my brother here on the road."

"You wascally wappawee!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone.

"See, Andy," said Micky Doolin, "will you get up and dhrive him, while I stay with Pether?"

"To be sure I will," said Andy. "Where is he going?"

"To the Squire's," said Mick; "and when you lave him there, make haste back, and I'll dhrive Pether home."

Andy mounted into Mick's saddle; and although Mr. Johnstone "powtested" against it, and threatened "pwoceedings" and "magistwates," Mick was unmoved in his brotherly love. As a last remonstrance, Johnstone exclaimed, "And pwehaps this fellow can't wide, and don't know the woad."

"Is it not know the road to the Squire's?—wow! wow!" said Andy. "It's I that'll rattle you there in no time, your honor."

"Well, wattle away then!" said the enraged Johnstone, as he threw himself back in the chaise, cursing all the postillions in Ireland.

Now it was to Squire O'Grady's that Mr. Johnstone wanted to go; but in the confusion of the moment the name of O'Grady never once was mentioned; and with the title of "Squire" Andy never associated another idea than that of his late master, Mr. Egan. Mr. Johnstone was, as we have stated, a young Englishman employed in the under Secretary's office, and was despatched on electioneering business to Mr. O'Grady, who had ratted from the patriotic side of politics, and had thrown himself into the ranks of the opposite party. To open some negotiations, therefore, between the government and the renegade Squire, was the mission upon which Mr. Johnstone, much against his will, visited the wilds of Ireland; and the accident which has been just recorded afforded to the peculiar genius of Handy Andy an opportunity of making a glorious confusion by driving the political enemy of the sitting member into his house, where, by a curious coincidence, a strange gentleman was expected every day on a short visit. After Andy had driven some time he turned round and spoke to Mr. Johnstone through the pane of glass with which the front window-frame of the chaise was not furnished.

"Faix you wor nigh shootin' me, your honor," said Andy.

"I should not weepoach myself if I had," said Mr. Johnstone, "when you quied stop on the woad: wabbers always qui stop, and I took you for a wobber."

"Faix, the robbers here, your honor, never axes you to stop at all, but they stop you without axin', or by your lave, or wid your lave. Sure I was only afeerd you'd dhrive over the man in the road."

"What was the man in the woad doing?"

"Nothin' at all, faith, for he wasn't able; he was dhruke, sir."

"The postillion said he was his bwother."

"Yis, your honor, and he's a postillion himself—only he lost his horses and the shay—he got dhruke and fell off."

"Those wascally postillions often get dwunk, I suppose."

"Oh, common enough, sir, particular now about the 'lection time; for the gintlemin is dhrivin' over the country like mad, right and left, and gives the boys money to drink their health, till they're killed a'most with the falls they get."

"Then postillions often fall on the woods here?"

"Troth the roads is covered with them sometimes when the 'lections comes an."

"What howwid immorality! I hope you're not dwunk?"

"Faix, I wish I was," said Andy. "It's a great while since I had a dhrop; but it won't be long so, when your honor gives me something to drink your health."

"Well, don't talk but dwive on. What bwidge is this?"

"It's the bridge that separates the counties, your honor."

"Glowyes buil that," thought Mr. Johnstone—"a bwidge separating

—I must wub up my memowy about that to-mowwow, and put it in my memowandum."

All Andy's further endeavors to get "his honor" into conversation were unavailing; so he whipped on in silence till his arrival at the gate-house of Merryvale demanded his call for entrance.

"What are you shouting there for?" said the traveller; "cawn't you wing?"

"What wing, sir?" said Andy.

"Why wing the bell."

"Oh, they understand the *shilloo* as well sir :" and in confirmation of Andy's assurance the bars of the entrance gate were withdrawn, and the post-chaise rattled up the avenue to the house.

Andy alighted and gave a thundering tantara-ra at the door. The servant who opened it was surprised at the sight of Andy, and could not repress a shout of wonder.

Here Dick Dawson came into the hall, and seeing Andy at the door, gave a loud hallo, and clapped his hands in delight—for he had not seen him since the day of the chase—"An' is it there you are again, you unlucky vagabone?" said Dick; "and what the d—l brings you here?"

"I come with a jintleman to the masther, misther Dick."

"Where's the gentleman?"

"In the po'-shay without."

"Oh! it's the visitor I suppose," said Dick as he himself went out with that unceremonious readiness, so characteristic of the wild fellow he was, to open the door of the chaise for his brother-in-law's guest. "You're welcome," said Dick; "come, step in—the servants will look to your luggage. James, get in Mr. — I beg your pardon, but 'pon my soul I forget your name, though Moriarty told me."

"Johnstone," gently uttered Adolphus.

"Get in Mr. Johnstone's luggage, James. Come, sir, walk into the dinner-room; we haven't finished our wine yet." With these words Dick ushered in Johnstone to the apartment where Squire Egan sat, who rose as they entered.

"Mr. Johnstone, Ned," said Dick.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Johnstone," said the hearty squire, who shook Johnstone's hand in what Johnstone considered a most savage manner. "You seem fatigued."

"Vewy," was the languid reply of Johnstone, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Ring the bell for more claret Dick," said Squire Egan.

"I neveh dwink," drawled out Johnstone.

Dick and the Squire both looked at him with amazement, for in the friend of Moriarty they expected to find a hearty fellow.

"A cool bottle wouldnt do a child any harm," said the Squire. "Ring, Dick. And now, Mr. Johnstone, tell us how you like the country."

"Not much, I pwotest; but I must pwemise I was not prepared to like it."

"Fine hills here, are there not?"

"Don't like hills—pwefer valleys."

"You caun't have valleys without hills—eh?"

"Not pwecipices though."

"Oh, something more gentle—too abrupt for you. Well, what do you think of the people?"

"Oh, I don't know: you'll pawdon me, but—a—in short, there are so many wags."

"Oh, there are wags enough, I grant you; not funnier d—ls in the world."

"But I mean wags—dwess, I mean."

"Oh, rags. Oh, yes—why indeed they've not much clothes to spare."

"And yet these wretches are freeholders, I'm told."

"Ay, and stout voters too."

"Well, that's all we require. By the by, how goes on the canvass, Squire?"

"Famously."

"Oh, wait till I explain to you our plan of opewations from head quarters. You'll see how famously we shall wally at the hustings. These Irish have no idea of tactics: we'll intwoduce the English mode—take them by supwise. We must unseat him."

"Unseat who?" said the Squire.

"That—a—Egan I think you call him."

The Squire opened his eyes; but Dick, with the ready devilment that was always about him, saw how the land lay in an instant, and making a signal to his brother-in-law, unperceived by Johnstone, chimed in with an immediate assent to his assertion, and swore that Egan would be unseated to a certainty. "Come, sir," added Dick, "fill one bumper at least to a toast I propose. Here's 'confusion to Egan, and success to O'Grady."

"Success to O'Gwady," faintly echoed Johnstone as he sipped his claret. "These Irish are so wild—so uncultivated," continued he; "you'll see how I'll supwise them with some of my plans."

"Oh, they're poor ignorant brutes," said Dick, "they know nothing: a man of the world like you, would buy and sell them."

"You see they've no finesse; they have a certain degwee of readiness, but no depth—no weal finesse."

"Not as much as would physic a snipe," said Dick, who swallowed a glass of claret to conceal a smile that he could not repress at the exquisite absurdity of the Englishman's fancied superiority in finesse.

"What's that you say about snipes and physic?" said Johnstone; "what queer things you Irish say."

"Oh, we've plenty o' queer fellows here," said Dick; "but you are not taking your claret."

"The twuth is I'm fatigued—vewy—and if you'd al'l'ow me, Mr. O'Gwady, I should like to go to my woom; we'll talk over business to-mow-wow."

"Certainly," said the Squire, who was glad to get rid of him, for the scene was becoming too much for his gravity. So Dick Dawson lighted Johnstone to his room, and after heaping civilities upon him, left him to sleep in the camp of his enemies, while Dick returned to the dining-room

to enjoy with the Squire the laugh they were so long obliged to repress, and to drink another bottle of claret on the strength of the joke.

"What shall we do with him, Dick?" said the Squire.

"Pump him as dry as a lime-kiln," said Dick, "and then send him off to O'Grady—all's fair in war."

"To be sure," said the Squire. "Unseat me, indeed! he was near it, sure enough, for I thought I'd have dropped off my chair with surprise when he said it."

"And the conceit and impudence of the fellow," said Dick. "The ignorant *I wish*—oh! wait my buck—if I don't astonish your weak mind, it's no matter!"

"Faith, he has brought his pigs to a pretty market here," said the Squire; "but how did he come here? how was the mistake made?"

"The way every mistake in the country's made," said Dick. "Handy Andy drove him here."

"More power to you, Andy," said the Squire. "Come, Dick, we'll drink Andy's health—this is a mistake on the right side."

And Andy's health was drunk, as well as several other healths. In short the Squire and Dick the Devil were in high glee—the dining-room rang with laughter to a late hour; and the next morning a great many empty claret bottles were on the table—and a few on the floor.

THE MISERERE OF ALLEGRI.

One performance in the exercises of Holy Week I desire to note down. The pleasure it gave me at the time, I would wish, as far as possible, to have perpetuated for the pleasure of memory hereafter;—I mean certain music in the Sistine Chapel. I had heard much of the Misereres there sung. From many enthusiastic representations from many quarters, my demands had become somewhat exorbitant. They were, however, fully answered. There is much of striking fact and occurrence around the hearing of a Miserere, which exceedingly augments the fine impression that may naturally be wrought by its own intrinsic power. You hear it in a hall, made interesting by many gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman church. You hear it with your eye resting upon some masterpieces from the pencil of Michael Angelo—upon sibyls and prophets, mysterious forms, voiceless for ever, though apparently ever on the eve of speech. You hear it after the surging and roaring of one of those great Catholic days have gone down, and while the shadows of night, slowly descending, are mantling with sable hues the impressive objects around you. You are prepared for it, by an hour's previous chanting of some twenty voices, so uninteresting that you grow impatient in longing for the great performance to begin. During this chant, the tall candles that illuminate the chapel are, one by one, at regular intervals, extinguished. The extinction of the last, announces that the moment has arrived.

A short silence preceded the opening of the Miserere of Allegri: the one which I was so fortunate as to hear, and which is regarded by amateurs as the finest. The strain commenced, and instantly with it a thrill through every nerve. I have no words, that ever so dexterously placed upon this unsounding sheet, can do any thing more than most faintly symbolize the tones, that during the succeeding half hour came to my ear. While listening to their swell and fall—to their vast far-soaring, still-enlarging volume, and to their cadenzas so graceful, so touching, so divinely falling, they seemed oftentimes but silver echoes from some far-off melody, wasted for a moment hitherward: I tried, in order that I might make a comparison, to recall the finest music I had ever heard. I brought up the splendid strains of French and Italian bands. I recalled the voices of Rubini and Tamburini, and Grizi and Lablache, and of that orchestra, acknowledged to be the finest in the world, with whose efforts I had so often heard their own. It might have been the effects of some inappreciable association; it might have been the effects of lapse of time, but those strains seemed now to me unworthy and common-place. I had once supposed their united harmonies the perfection of sound. I now felt that I was mistaken. Each one of those voices is a wonder, a miracle;—yet united and combined in all their multitudinous varieties, and moving on in the finest concord with those hundred instruments of the orchestra, their effects upon the heart—and that is the great test of their power—cannot, it seems to me, be anything like equal to what may be wrought by these twenty human voices in the choir of the Pope, when performing the Miserere. Until now, I had no true conception of the impressiveness of merely human tones, when ingeniously combined; for let it be remembered that the effects of this music depend, not so much upon individual voices of wonderful power, wonderfully cultivated, as upon their judicious combination. Therein is the secret. Tones after tones are evolved. Now a single soprano thrills you; a sound, by the by, seldom heard but here. Then with it are gracefully interwoven notes of far different, yet of harmonizing powers; and unto this slowly developing mass of melody shall soon be joined other tones, outbursting here, dying away there—harps upon harps, bugles upon bugles, organs upon organs, with never ending variety of strong and gentle, rapid and slow-moving, majestic and beautiful. As I have already observed, written words do not describe this music. They cannot sound and resound. But frame for your mental ear a vast Aeolian harp, give to it a thousand strings, and send through them some gustful wind from the Mexican seas, and haply in your retired chamber, after some solemn meditations of the even-tide, you may thus seem to hear tones faintly imaging forth those of the Miserere of Allegri.

THE STUDIO OF THORWALDSEN.

My cicerone led the way, and in a few minutes we were in the workshop of the greatest living sculptor. He was not himself present. He has given up hard or constant labor: old age forbids it. Now and then he gives some finishing strokes. By his pupils a statue or a group is carried up almost to the point of life. It is there left by them, and the chisel of the Master comes. The pupils sculpture it for the multitude; Thorwaldsen, with a few touches, then finishes it for the connoisseurs, and for immortality. I was much interested in wandering through his five or six rooms. They were crowded with aristocratical objects in curious forms. In one apartment were several clay models. These are the first visible manifestations of the

sculptor. They are the immediate embodiments of conception, and demand the highest efforts of genius. All subsequent labor is quite mechanical, or bordering on it. After the model comes a mould, bearing its impression. Then from this mould is fashioned the *cast*, which is ever present to the artist's eye while chiselling. Scattered about, were many marble blocks just from the quarry; and many others but rudely wrought,—an arm shadowed out here, and a leg there. In this, the form was faintly beaming forth into expression; in that, it had come forth into its nearest proximity to life. I was attracted by a statue of Christ. The features were indeed heavenly. Before me, to be sure, was earthly marble; but all else earthly had been purged therefrom. The figure is gently bending; its countenance is in repose; the eyes are downward turned; and the whole expression is of humility, but the humility of a celestial being. Fastening the eye upon it for a long time, the beholder seems advanced into the presence of high heaven-born qualities. These every day schemes and pursuits have for a little while relaxed their hold upon his heart. He is amazed at those mysterious powers of Art, which can so vividly and impressively make a block of marble the visible home of noble and spiritual affections. How near may the creature approximate to a creator! He may go quite up to that mysterious line, which separates life from that which is just below, just less than life. He can endow the stone with an intellect and a heart. He can enliven it with thoughts and with passions. He can make it meditate, and love, and fear, and hope, and hate. He can only not make it breathe.

In an adjacent room was the statue of a Russian princess, and one of the most beautiful works of the kind which I have lately seen. It was also completely cleansed of every thing material. Never was there more admirable skill of artist. How delicately and dexterously were intellect and feeling with each other interwrought, and there intermingled!

Among a hundred other objects of interest, was the bust of Thorwaldsen. It reminded me of the features of Franklin. It had their philosophic calmness; their mild, manly, honest expression. It represents the artist at the age of sixty. Covered with years and fame, Thorwaldsen is about to retire to Copenhagen, the place of his nativity: that city may well rejoice, as indeed she has often done, in the fame of this illustrious son.

VELASCO.

BY EPES SARGENT, ESQ.

Where are we? In the frozen lap of an American valley, with the earth so white and the sky so black, that it looks as if the light had fallen out of the Heavens in a palpable sheet, and lay glittering on the earth?

From that window it would seem so!

Drop the curtains, and play me that trumpet-toned march from I Puritani—and now where are we?

In romantic Spain, of a summer's sunset—the frowning battlements of the castle of De Lerma touched with a golden smile toward the west, and Velasco in complete harness with visor down, coming unknown to his ancestral towers, and sending in a blast through the warden's bugle!

For once the poet's function shall not go unthank'd. Is it nothing to be transported from snow to summer—from the wintry Apalachian to the fragrant fields of Andalusia.

There, Mr. Sargent! See what you have done by a false measure! Present—!—all the way from Spain to set you right about the accentuation of a single word. Andalusia, if you please!—And now how to get back to Burgos! Alas! criticism is a clipper of wings, and they who find a fault when soaring with fancy, drop to earth like a plummet. Yet, as well as we can remember, that is the only false line in the play.

The strong interest with which we have read Velasco, shows sufficiently to ourselves that the first condition of a drama is well fulfilled in it—a *strong and unbroken current of event*. The story flows through it strongly and clearly to the end, and a want of this quality has marred some of the best works of the best dramatists. Indeed it seems to us to be a distinct faculty of the mind, and upon the possession of it in another vein of composition, rests one half of Scott's power, and more than half of Bulwer's.

As a literary production, Velasco stands very high. It is rich in ornament, and chaste too.

"I have seen
The Moorish army in their bright array
Send back the sun-shafts brighter than they fell."

Velasco says:—

"But the poor bark freighted with my deserts,
Too light a ballast, has to carry sail
Before the fame-ward breath of your applause."

Isidora, speaking of Velasco:—

"It must have been
A brave scene—his first entrance to the field!
Our routed troops were flying in dismay
Before the turban'd Moors, when from the gloom
Of a green thicket rush'd a mounted knight!
His charger white as snow—his battle axe
Poised in his right hand, while his left uprear'd
The Christian ensign, blazoning the cross.
And as he spurr'd his steed, he cried aloud
'Castile and Freedom!' There arose a shout
From the awed soldiers, check'd in their retreat:
'A miracle! a messenger from Heaven'
Fights with us! To the charge! a Santiago!"
One thrill of inspiration heaved their hearts
They follow'd him through seas of blood and carnage;
And ere the sun set, the mask'd cavalier

Had fought the battle and redeem'd the field !
Nay, do not laugh at me !"

Finer even than the spirit of this description, is the exquisite nature of the turn in the last line—the maiden shame of Isidora, at the fear of having betrayed her feelings in her enthusiasm. There are many graces of this peculiar character which give the play a *sweetness* the lovers of poetry will feel.

Stage effect is an important condition of a drama to be acted, and Velasco has it—but it is one which has as little to do with the genius of the writer, as the blacksmith with the fashion of a carriage—which still cannot be made without him. There is an office wanting between the author and the stage, and we would make it a part of a manager's vocation, if we could do it by “continual dropping” upon Messrs. Simpson and Wallack. Macready understands and practises it in London, and Mr. Barry of the Tremont, “by a sort of instinct he has,” does it partially there. We think we see the “print of his thumb” in Velasco. But no play should be produced without a *study of its situations, exits, entrances and procession of events*, by an *actor*. The author should send his play to the manager as the carriage builder his vehicle to the blacksmith—to be put together. Actors are not aware how easy it is for the author to alter his play, if he but knows what is wanted. There are heaps of circumstances in the author's brain, rejected in the course of composition, which will furnish an “exit” or a “situation” or mend an “entrance,” if it were but thought on. It should be the business of every player, when cast for the performance, to read over his part with the author, and make suggestions from his superior knowledge of the stage. And the author is a thrice-sodden fool who does not think such suggestions worthy of all attention.

Now as to the *conception and developement of the characters*, a distinct thing from the literary merit—the poetry—or the situations of the play. Of all the dramatia personæ, Carlos the Page strikes us as the most easily conceived, and the most gracefully and fully carried out. It is what Mignon is in *Wilhelm Meister*, the gold thread unsuspected by the writer, which brightens the whole woof. He is the truest boy—the most natural, sweet fellow in the world—forward, but courteous; heedless of danger, but shrewd and ready-witted; full of his consequence, but fiery, generous, and loving.

“Favilla. and Hernando !
Your bride that is to be, fair Isidora,
Will grace our fete ? Why comes she not with you ?
Carlos. She better likes her brother's company.
Mendoza. Peace, boy ! who question'd you ?
Carlos. I like that. Boy !”

The character of Isidora is very beautiful, in parts very powerful. The single word “Velasco!” when she discovers the disguised knight by his allusion to the scenes of his youth (the whole passage is fine) is a clear stroke of genius. Isidora and Carlos are no copies. Mr. Sargent knows a woman when he sees her, and he drew both of these beautiful creations from nature. But, for the rest ! Good, in a literary point of view, as is every thing they say, they read as if the author had felt them out in the clouds with a long pole. The old man, the king, the villain and the villain's friend, Mr. Sargent drew from what loose glimpses he remembered of such people in his reading, and he whips through every thing they have to say with an alacrity sometimes a little amusing. At the close of the first act, for example, the unknown knight, having been promised a boon by the king, claims the hand of Isidora. The king grants it, and, her father having given his consent that she should break off her match with Hernando and wed the incognito, he uncloses his visor, and shows to the violent and passionate old man the son of his bitterest foe. Its effect upon him is left to these two lines, after which he is dumb till the scene closes :—

Gonzalez, (aside.) The heir of my detested foe !
It is unnatural. It must not be !

Even Velasco, whose love is very naturally and sweetly drawn, turns pasteboard when any darker feeling is to be expressed. The greatest occasion for powerful writing in the whole play, is that where the hero discovers that the man whom he is bound to kill (for a blow given to his aged father) is the father of Isidora, whom he is on the point of marrying. It is thus managed :

Velasco. Who did it ? Speak !
De Llerma. Gonzalez did it.
Velasco. No, no, no ! the air
In fiendish mockery syllabled that name.
It was a dreadful fantasy ! My lord—
De Llerma. Pedro Gonzalez.
Velasco. Isidora's father !
De Llerma. Oh ! thou hast other ties. I did forget.
Go. Thou'rt released.
Velasco. There must be expiation.
Oh I am very wretched ! But fear not.
There shall be satisfaction or atonement !

Not the way people talk under such circumstances, my dear dramatist !

To appreciate Velasco, the reader ought to have seen Mr. Sargent, who, we venture to say, is the youngest successful dramatist the world ever saw. No shadow or suspicion of the powerful passions he attempted to draw can possibly have crossed “the tablet of his thoughts;” or, if they

have, his face (of which one might say as Falstaff did of Prince Hal's “God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet”) is an imperfect dial. That he is a scholar, a poet, a master of all the finer and more delicate feelings of the human heart, no reader of Velasco can for a moment deny. But he has no more idea what a villain is, than he has of what Jupiter was like in his morning gown and slippers. As fast as such passions as revenge, hate, despair, fall under his course of observation, or his own character or collisions with man disclose to him the food upon which these serpents of mankind feed, the dramatic power will deepen, and he will redeem the very remarkable promise of this play.

By the way, Velasco is dedicated to one of our most distinguished Senators, a fine scholar himself, and a man of powerful eloquence where the theme is of a generous and lofty scope. We trust the interest he will naturally feel in Mr. Sargent, will secure his influence to hasten the action of the Senate on the bill of copy-right; for whenever it is brought up, dramatic and other authors are sure of his able advocacy of their rights.

FROM LATE PARIS PAPERS.

The saloons of Paris are just now very much occupied in discussing the fortune (good or bad) of a young Russian noble, who having hitherto possessed nothing but certain sterile tracts of mountain land, has lately discovered on one of his *steppes* at the foot of the Oural mountains, a gold mine, whose least vein (so says report) is richer than any ever laid open in Peru. On the accession of this fortune, the Muscovite Cræsus, who till now has passed his life in hunting white bears, has suddenly conceived an indomitable desire to revel in the delights of Paris; but after having sent an *avant courier* to engage six boxes at the opera, as many at the *Françair*, and the four *avant scènes* at the *Italiens*, the Emperor Nicholas suddenly refused him a passport, and forbade him to leave his estates—unwilling, says diplomatic rumor, that the wealth of Russia should enrich the *dauses de l'opéra*. Since this time, the unfortunate young man has languished in settled melancholy, and considering himself a prisoner, refuses all amusement, and it is thought will soon fall a victim to the unhappiness so tyrannically inflicted.—*Le Cabinet de Lecture.*

Napoleon has lately been made to appear in the new character of an agriculturalist. A lecture has been delivered at the Academy of Science by Mons. Blanqui, upon a pamphlet discovered in Corsica, in the handwriting of Bonaparte, on the cultivation of the mulberry in that island. The climate is eminently fitted for the production of silk-worms, and this branch of industry, says the young Napoleon, might become very important to Corsica, either by the establishment of manufactories, or the sale of raw silk for exportation.

The advantage of debts.—A young Parisian, after having dissipated a considerable fortune, found himself lately, at the age of twenty-five, completely ruined. Being the heir, however, of a rich uncle, though the latter was a man in good health and middle age, he succeeded in procuring loans to a large amount. At the end of another year, his creditors had become clamorous, and despairing of freeing himself from his difficulties, he fell ill from chagrin. His creditors assembled, and came to the conclusion that his life was their only guaranty for the money, and that it was all-important to save him. They employed the best physicians immediately, and a journey to a milder climate being rigorously prescribed, they made up a sufficient sum for his expenses, and sent him to Italy under the care of a valet of their own choosing. During his absence they employed themselves in procuring a settlement upon him from his uncle, and he is just returned from Naples, and once more joins the crowd of young fashionables at the *café de Paris*.

Les Trois Frères Provençaux.—The famous restaurant of Paris which bore this name, has lately closed. Its renown has in former times been universal. Napoleon used to say, “If you wish to dine like a citizen, come to my palace. If you wish to dine like a king, dine with Cambacéres.” But Cambacéres was jealous of the dinners at the Frères Provençaux. It was upon the staircase of this restaurant that M. Jouy met the beggar who made the singular assertion that after begging there for thirty years, he did not remember once receiving charity from a person *coming down*. But he had accumulated a little fortune from the gifts of those who were *going up* to their dinner. A proof (says the French journalist) that man is most sympathizing and kind *when hungry*, while with beasts it is exactly the contrary.

The promenaders upon the Boulevards have lately enjoyed the novel spectacle of a man of singular personal beauty, who, for successive evenings, walked slowly up and down, leading a large wolf by a chain. The fact that he was muzzled (the wolf, not the beauty) did not appear to lessen the distress of the ladies who passed him.

Last night (says a police report) one of the police arrested, in the *Rue de la Pepiniere*, one of those intrepid sportsmen who pass the night in hunting cats in the narrow streets of the capital. He was accompanied by two *bouledogues*, (bull-dogs,) whom he had trained to the sport, and who brought the game to his feet with the neck neatly broken. His game-bag was

The Corsair.

already full of grimalkins and kittens. It is not necessary to say for what purpose these are purchased by certain restaurateurs. He made also an additional profit by the sale of the skins. The offender was convicted of violation of the peace, and of pursuing the pleasures of the chase without the necessary permit.

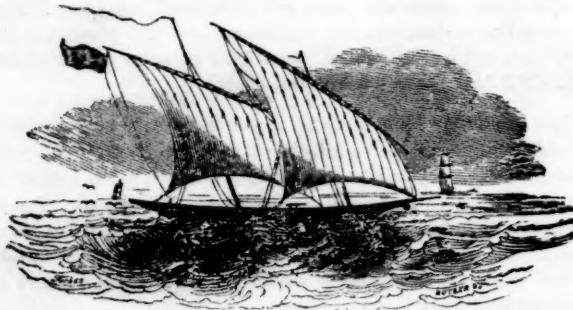
Monsieur Blanqui, a member of the Academy of Science, having made a voyage to Corsica to collect information with regard to the early youth of Napoleon, has returned with a large number of his unpublished letters, written between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one. Some fragments of these were read at the recent sitting of the Academy.

"Send me," he writes to his grand-uncle Lucien, "send me three hundred francs. This sum will take me to Paris. There at least, I can show myself, make acquaintances, surmount obstacles. Every thing whispers to me that I shall succeed. Will you let me fail for the want of a hundred dollars."

Again he writes to a friend of his family, "I have no other resource than hard work. I only dress myself to go out once in eight days. I sleep very little, going to bed at ten and rising at four. I eat but once a day, at three o'clock. And all this agrees well with my health."

But of all these letters, the most curious is one addressed to his brother Lucien, on the reception of a copy of a patriotic proclamation written by the latter. "I have read your proclamation, and it is good for nothing. There are too many words, and too few ideas. You strain after pathos, but it is not by this that the people are to be moved. They have more tact and sense than you think. Your prose will do more harm than good."

He writes to his uncle, the present Cardinal Fesch, "I hope you will get rid of your bad habit of showing my letters. That which is proper from me to you, is not proper from me to another."



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839.

THE DIVAN.

The New Year, like a new bride, had just learned to answer to its new name, ('39,) when Captain Top, of the roving Corsair, then lying at anchor, assembled his officers and a choice party to wet his colors and name his craft. High above the water line, and buoyant as a bird, swam the nameless schooner, and many a clumsy merchantman, eyeing her from his heavy sailer, sneered at her tall spars and unballasted hull—but her rigging aloft had stood many a storm, and her guns and lading were still to come aboard.

One by one stepped the guests down the companion-ladder, welcomed by Captain Top, standing "under the skylight," who, with a way of his own, gave the gentlemen a sufficient grip, while he doubled his welcome to the ladies. The cabin was neat and serviceable—compass and quadrant, spare topsail and locker—every thing in its place, but, as was stealthily remarked by one after another, no sign of the good cheer so necessary to the inspiration of nomenclators, and, we may say, so coaxing to the wind in the mainsail.

Six bells struck as conversation flagg'd, and, *presto*—the companion-ladder swung round like a gate ashore, and a sliding panel, opening a-midships, disclosed to the surprised company, a Turkish Divan—dinner for nine and cushions for eighteen. A secret window, communicating by the main hatchway with the caboose, was detected in the act of passing in the soup, but closed instantly, secret-tight, and Captain Top, handing in the nearest lady, seated her at the round table, and slipping over his toe the cord of a dumb waiter, proclaimed it a "round robin," and banished ceremony (he was deaf in one ear) by sitting on the right of his partner.

The soup was complimented with earnest and busy silence, and the champagne, in pint bottles, stood at every plate—each guest getting the first bubble of his own fixed air. The second mate, I should mention, was a Frenchman, and drank claret—*Monsieur Moquette*. The third mate, Herr *Hinkspiller*, was a German, and drank tokay. Captain Top had been a great traveller, and drank whatever the ladies did—only more. To their great astonishment, the commander presently began to work his foot with great vigor, crank-wise, under the table, and as he requested the company

to be ready to deposite their plates, and take hot ones, the dumb waiter began to revolve, and somewhat to the aggravation of the Captain's complexion, (who remarked, that, under way, he should have it done by a wheel through the larboard port) this operation was safely executed. The dinner came in at the secret window, and I need not say to those who know Captain Top, that the sauces were piquant, and the game done to a turn.

The cloth was removed, and the schooner, having swung round with the tide, lay head to westward, and the daylight came dim through the port-holes. Three bells struck, and Tom Types, the boatswain, slipped the panel, and giving his forelock a pull, handed in the sea-lantern and reported the hour.

"Out! you lubber!" thundered the Captain, "and recollect for the future, that when *here*, I'm not aboard. Stop! hand me those astral lamps, on the cabin table.

"The what, sir?"

"Them gold gimcracks with a top like a rigged windsail in a baby's head."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Tom with a grin.

"Take hold of the bottom, you awkward cub!" roared the Captain again, as Tom lifted the glass, and left the lamp behind. "Don't you see it's the thing's tarpaulin? Now give us a light o' that lantern."

"No, gentlemen!" said the commander in a courteous tone, setting the lamps on the table, "I'll have no tar and turpentine in the Divan. There shall be one place in the craft where the turmoil and technicalities of the profession shall be thrown off—where Captain and officers, friends, if we can find them in our cruise, and prisoners if we like them, shall forget the quarter-deck, and fancy themselves ashore—unbend our brows before the wrinkles grow rusty, and talk of nothing but what we can love or laugh at. The first mate and myself (here the commander nodded kindly to me,) will nightly touch our toes under the mahogany, to look over the chart and keep log and reckoning; but once in a month, (and as much oftener as the locker will stand it,) we shall hold a *Divan*, with a cold cut and a brew to suit the season, go-a-shore toggery, and what friends we can muster. And now, ladies, drinking your health in this bumper, permit me to ask of your bright wits a name for the schooner.

The Captain turned up his glass on the table, and the lady on his left, blushing as she looked down the depths of her champagne, murmured, "The Pearl-Diver!"

There was a buzz of approbation, but the Captain only smiled.

"A pretty name for a smooth-water yacht," said he, "and we'll keep it for the starboard quarter-boat, but too pretty for a cruiser that goes armed and sails for plunder. What says the next fair lady?"

"The Hesperion!"

"Too fanciful again! And you, madame?"

"The Pic-nic!"

"Ha! ha! *ben trovato!*" laughed the Captain, "but a cold name in winter. Mr. *Hinkspiller*! have that name painted on the larboard quarter-boat! Now, madame,—you are the last lady we call on, this round—give us a name that will do for all seasons—what is it?"

Softly and musically came that sweet word—

"The Cynosure!"

"Sigh now, sure!" echoed inquiringly Herr *Hinkspiller*, who had lived in Ireland. The word was beyond his English, but it was of no use to explain. The echo killed it. The lady alone did not laugh, for she had set her heart on the name, and she looked daggers at the unfortunate professor.

"Gentlemen!" said the Captain, "the turn is yours. No ceremony coin the wine as it passes your lips!"

"The Lounger!"

"Very well in the days of Johnson, but too slow for ours."

"The Mercury!"

"Appropriated."

"The Manhattan!"

"Bad water and fetid gas. Unlucky associations."

"The Reflector!"

"Equivocal. If in the sense of a mirror, to reflect is servilely to follow. We hope to lead. If in the sense of a cogitator, we mean to appear as those who have thought, rather than those who are still thinking."

"Brother Jonathan!"

"Excellent—if there were not a better."

"The Athenaeum!"

"Too stiff."

"The Spectator!"

"Too prim."

"The Examiner!"

"Too nez en l'air—too assuming."

"The Marauder!"

"Um—not quite."

"The Pirate!"

"A leetle too rough—but"—

"The Corsair!"

Captain Top took up the fair hand of the last speaker, (it was the lady next him), and kissing it first, placed on it the emerald ring. It would scarce be fair to enter the lady's speech upon the log, but she thanked the gallant commander as ladies can, and, requesting him to fill her glass and his own, begged to propose—

"Success to the Corsair!"

Captain Top asked to be excused from rising, as the cord of the dumb waiter, (which was on the other side of the table) was attached to his toe; "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, after an appropriate return to the compliment, "I will not disguise from you that my secret objection to most of the excellent names that have been proposed, was my repugnance to leaving port under false colors. You are aware that there are certain highly endowed individuals, citizens of countries reciprocating amicable relations with us, whose property, outlawed for mysterious reasons by our excellent government, is open to seizure and appropriation. Why I have chartered the schooner for this object, is the question of a graver hour; but though she cruise under the lawful authority of a free government, she is a plunderer on the literary seas, and shall carry the Corsair's flag till our country protect the property of the stranger."

"And when that is done?"

"Why, then we will pull down the red flag, and pay like honest men for our lading."

"But the name will then be inappropriate," said the lady of the *Cynosure*.

"It is a pretty one, I think," replied the commander, unwilling to argue with so fair a dame.

"It is true, it will no longer express our vocation," said Herr Hinkspiller, willing to make his peace with the lady.

"Ay!" said the Captain, rather energetically, "but if you come to that shew me whose name does: cocksnecks! (pardon me ladies!) do you expect our friend skipper Noah to sit up and wink when people have gone to bed, because his craft is called *The Star*? Does Blair expect the *Atlas* to support him because his is called the *Globe*? Did Buckingham ever shew his heels, though his is the *Courier*? In what way do these names of well known craft express their sailing papers, course, or destination?"

Captain Top evidently grew warm, and the ladies asked for coffee.

"No, Mr. Hinkspiller!" he continued, winding up the dumb waiter with his right leg very vigorously, "clear your craft from harbor with a fair name and the colors she is to swim under, and, once at sea, if she cannot "eat into the wind" by trim and seamanship, she will scarce keep her course by the letters on her stern. And now, gentlemen, let us adjourn to the quarter-deck and leave the ladies to their coffee."

"Captain Top!" cried one of the ladies, as he followed the last man through the sliding panel, "take a conundrum to light your cigar."

"With pleasure, madam!"

"Why will the next story by Boz be like the invention of the laurel crown? Give it up!"

"Decidedly, madam!"

"Because it belongs to the *first seizer*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the commander; but truth compels me to record, that on reaching the quarter-deck, he asked for an explanation.

Should the curious in German literature think they ever read the exquisite story of Professor Hinkspiller, we venture to say they never saw it in the same simple garb of pure English before. The tale is indeed beautiful, the humor quiet, and the German cast of thought most characteristic. When we first attempted to dispossess it of some few idiomatic peculiarities incident to all the professor's translations, we became so enraptured with the rich flow of thought, and the progress of the story, that we lost ourselves for the nonce, and when at length we awoke to the consciousness of our duties, we found our pen behind our ear, and ourselves at the end of the tale. It is our belief that our readers will peruse it with equal delight, and though we cannot give it to them entire in one number, they will find each chapter so distinct, forming so perfect a picture, that we trust they will not complain, though we are some weeks in completing the "Gallery."

It will be observed by the reader, that we have not made up the first number of our paper on the principle of "conveying" to our columns whatever we found good in the current literature of the day; and we give as a sufficient reason for thus departing from the plan we shall strenuously pursue hereafter, the fact, that as we are not yet fairly on the sea, it might be gratifying to those who will partake of the spoils of our industry, to know of what material we ourselves are composed. We therefore believed it judicious to leave our moorings with ample stores of our own providing, and thus it is, that the present number will be found to consist, almost entirely of original or translated productions, from the pens of the editors.

One word to our friends in Georgia.—It was the fortune of one of us to spend three happy years of his life in Milledgeville, when that town was growing to maturity, when Macon was a village, and Columbus a portion of

a savage wilderness. We were forcibly reminded of the rapid extension and prosperity of that great State, by the flattering circumstance that an individual in Columbus, to whom we are personally unknown, sent us, as subscribers, the names of some two score citizens of that now flourishing place, among whom we recognise acquaintances that we have long honored for every estimable quality of manhood. We have presumed thus to establish our identity, from some kind remarks in the Georgia journals; and we embrace the opportunity to say, that should other of our Georgia friends be induced to imitate the disinterested generosity of our "Columbian ally," the favor will be acknowledged with gratitude.

Washington Irving.—The grateful rumor that this gentleman was about renewing, permanently, his intercourse with the reading world through the columns of a periodical, is confirmed by a characteristic letter from "Geoffrey Crayon," to the editor of the Knickerbocker, expressive of his determination "to chat sociably with the public," through the medium of that Magazine. We congratulate the proprietors and the readers of the Knickerbocker upon an acquisition so invaluable. The March number, received just as we were going to press, is full of variety and interest, but we have not had time to look farther than at the attractive table of contents, the list of contributors, and to peruse the gracious epistle of the ever welcome and amiable "Geoffrey."

Mr. Simmons' Lectures.—There are seven Heavens in the genius of Shakespeare, and most readers reach only the first. If our friends have any curiosity to mount higher in the meanings and glories of the seraph bard, we commend them to Mr. Simmons' guidance. To this gentleman's admirable, discriminating, and beautiful reading, Shakspeare's ghost might be pleased to stoop and listen.

Dawes, a man of genius long known to the few, is in a fair way to be known to the many. *Athenia of Damascus*, a tragedy, is just published by Colman (8 Astor House), and we commend it to those who wish to "recognize the new stars as they spring," to buy it in its beautiful type, and read and love its author.

We shall review *Athenia* in an early No. of our paper.

THE PENCIL.

What we should like to say with regard to this head of our paper, would be that no good picture should be painted in New York, whose merits should not be here discerningly recorded—that no artist should advance or fall back a step in his excellence without being cheered or reminded—that we would present a true calendar of the state of the arts in our country, and criticise fairly and truly every work of the engraver, painter, draughtsman, and sculptor.

What we do say is, that we mean to keep as near to these rules of criticism as we cleverly can. There were, perhaps, never two persons who agreed entirely as to the merits of a picture—at least till the painter was dead. The human eye seems to be as varied in its mode of conveying impressions to the brain, as it is in its color and expression, and there is not only no general standard of criticism in the fine arts, but there is no possibility of making one that will regulate the taste of any two persons. Artists, too, are of the *irritabile genus*, and from the uncertainty of criticism, easily persuade themselves they are wronged; and where there are no means of defining connoisseurship, every body is a connoisseur, and begs leave to differ from the critic. Talking of pictures is very safe and pleasant. Writing of pictures is very much the other thing.

Although "the Fine Arts" ends the list of objects to which half the journals in the country are "devoted," the cause of painters and sculptors, and their works, even when collected for exhibition, are treated very much like the reading of tombstones—as matters not at all within arms' length, and as well slurred over. This is partly to be laid to the natural unobtrusiveness of this class of men, and partly to the want of coalition among themselves; which, again, arises from the difficulty of deciding their respective claims to superiority.

We have long had a feeling rather than an opinion, that there should be a *cherishing* of the fine arts by literature,—more a matter of affection than of severe criticism. "Praise impels the wing" of genius in every flight, and in painting it inspires that self-confidence, which is the mother of boldness and power. We have said enough to show our bent on this theme. We love art and artists, and we hope to be able to be styled the friends and cherishers of the "gentle craft."

FASHION.

HORSES AND EQUIPAGES.

"Between two horses, which doth bear him best

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment."—HENRY VI.

Shakspeare's halo of glory were a perfect circle, but for one deficient beam. *He was ignorant of horseflesh.* Of every other human passion and pleasure he felt and wrote like the unmatched master. But to the delight in the noblest animal next to man, he was dull as the "fat weed of

The Corsair.

Lethe." Who that has own'd and lov'd a horse, ever read the deposed Richard's lamentation over "roan Barbary," without throwing down the volume and wondering that the fiery pen of Shakspeare should have slighted so capable a theme!

Groom. O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day
When Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
King Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
King Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade has eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud by clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Was born to bear.—*Richard II.*

How excellent was the opportunity here to have given us a picture of *Roan Barbary* that would have been to the horseman, what Korner's battle-hymn is to the German soldier—an embodiment of the enthusiasm of the subject. Why give but a line to "White Surrey"—a line to "Bay Cur-tal and his furniture"—and why put into the mouth of the bragging and ridiculous Dauphin the only description of a favorite horse, that occurs (if we are not mistaken) in all his plays.

Dauphin. "I will not change my horse for any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca ha!* he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs. *Le cheval volant!* the Pegasus qui a les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk. He trots the air. The earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orleans. He is of the color of nutmeg.

Dauphin. And of the heat of ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts."

It is easy to see that if Shakspeare had been the least of a horseman, he would have put this extravaganza into respectable lips, and made it a loving and true description of a brave man's fondness for his steed. Poetical as it is, too, it is evidently *en l'air*, written with the fabled Pegasus in his eye, rather than a horse he had seen or ridden.

We are justly proud in our young country, of excelling the English in one breed of horses, (trotters) and of equaling them in the race-horse. But among England's best and most enjoyable points of superiority, are her *pleasure-horses* and *pleasure-carriages*, and in these matters (it may as well be frankly confessed) we are far behind.

What does a fashionable young man of New York pique himself upon? A wagon in which he sits like a turkey in a market-basket, and a horse built behind like a pent-house, his neck thin and low, his joints double, and a straddle of his hind legs, as if his tail would distance his head before the second mile-post. *He is a trotter.* His make is on the principle of the hammer and nail. His shoulders have to be driven ahead by his hind quarters, and are sharpened accordingly. Hammering on the pavements won't do, however—so, as the horse has but one gait, he creeps out of town at a sort of shuffle-trot, his fore legs having about as much to do with his getting on, as bear's fore paws when travelling at his leisure. The owner at last gets off the pavement, and then what? Mark, he is driving for pleasure! He looks before and behind, and upon the result of his survey depends the question whether he shall wait for the comer-after, or overtake the goer-before. In either case, he drives close alongside, and, be it friend or stranger, challenges to a trial of speed. If the unfortunate person overtaken or waited for, happen to have a mettlesome nag, the challenge that the master may refuse, soon tells upon the horse, and as a necessary consequence, a gentleman would as soon think of taking a pleasure-ride on a race course during a sweepstakes, as upon any of the tolerable avenues leading from the city. Now, a trotting horse is well enough in his place, and so is a billiard-cue, but it would be quite as good taste to walk Broadway with a billiard-cue for a cane, as to drive habitually through the streets with a sporting horse.

What in England is called the *park-horse*, either for the cabriolet or the saddle, is not so much unknown as unvalued with us. It is a horse much larger than our common breed of carriage-horses, half or three parts blood, lofty, showy, and combining great strength with very agile and elastic movement. He has what horsemen call high *knee-action*, and is full of fire, pride, and beauty. He is capable of sufficient speed to rid you of any nuisance on the road, and is prompt and quick enough to disentangle you easily from a press of carriages in a crowded thoroughfare; but he is not selected nor wanted for great speed. This class of horses, abroad, is extremely valuable. There were three in London a year or two since, (Count D'Orsay's, Lord Gardiner's, and Lord Sefton's—all cabriolet horses) neither of which could be bought for £500. Yet such horses are not uncommon

in this country. We saw one not long since in the Lake country, as fine as either of these just named, which the owner (a horse-dealer) had taken once to New York, and brought back as unsaleable. He was "not fast enough for the fashionable young men, and his action was too high for the doctors and milk-men."

There is a very convenient fashion in England of matching carriage-horses by make and speed, not by color. A pair of high stepping and fine horses, one bay and one grey, for example, make a beautiful appearance, when they move exactly together, and as the match is easier made, and shows better than a pair only alike in color, the fashion is an economical one, and worthy of imitation.

The carriages of our country are made, almost without exception, as if they were intended to carry children. You can scarce make four well grown persons more uncomfortable than by giving them a drive in a fashionable New York carriage. With a laudable ambition to improve upon the English carriage, which is too heavy, the coachmakers have run into the opposite extreme, and, to make the lightest possible vehicle, diminished its size and capacity, till all the comfort of the carriage is quite lost. The worst of it is, too, that it is quite unnecessary; for it is the nature of the wood that compels the English to build heavily. Our woods are finer-grained and tougher, and with the same contents as the London vehicle, we can build of half the weight. Some weight, however, is necessary, as any one will acknowledge who has been wimbled and chuck'd about in one of the fashionable fly-traps over the pavement of Broadway. The fault lies in the public taste as much as in the builder; for he makes what will best sell. One of the handsomest, best-built, and most comfortable carriages we ever saw, was a covered drosky, built by Collis & Lawrence, and lately for sale just behind the Astor. It was solid enough not to be tossed into the air by every pebble, but a slight load for two horses, and of the most comfortable and well arranged interior. It is not their fault if the public taste prefers their lighter vehicles. They have at least an example of a better style.

Frequent attempts have been made to introduce the English cabriolet into this country, but they have failed, not because it was unsuited to our wants, but because the extreme heaviness of the structure was servilely copied. It is the most comfortable of all vehicles, and might be made light enough with American woods to suit our pavements and small horses.

A very great want in New York, is that of a *carriage promenade*. A plan has been once or twice broached in the public prints, of laying out a mall and drive on the bank of the Hudson, in the northwestern suburb of the city. As a resort in the summer evenings, to drive slowly along the river, inhale the fresh air, and greet friends and acquaintances without the ceremony of visits, it would be one of the most delightful improvements possible to this great metropolis. The English parks, used for this purpose, have not inaptly been called the *lungs of London*, and are invaluable to that capital, no less as a means of health than pleasure. What with the trotting races on the avenues, and the crowded pavement of Broadway, there is really no place within reach of the citizens of New York, where ladies and children may safely be sent for a drive in the fresh air.

This same mania for trotting has introduced a slightness in the fashion of harness, which is also carried to an extreme. However neatness may be the best rule for the exterior of a gentleman, sumptuousness is the first requisite in the caparison of the horse. The blinkers on our modish harnesses are so reduced as frequently to disease the eye of the animal; and the saddle, instead of falling into the beautiful curve lines of his body, are shaped and set on his back like two inverted quarters of orange peel. It is a fault in the construction of our carriages, too, that the bar and whippetrees are set too far from the fore wheels, and when the traces are too long, (which is commonly the case) the whole equipage has a straggling and ill-appointed look, spite of the best glories of brass and blacking. Every owner of an equipage should look after these minor proprieties, for there is seldom a groom or coachman of sufficient taste or intelligence to know within half a dozen holes where he should buckle check-rein, trace, or pole-strap.

We had no intention of being so prolix on this theme when we took it up, but we consider the subject, little as it is usually noticed, to come legitimately under the head of *Fashion*, and worthy attention as well as any other "outer show" of the metropolis. If we have dwelt upon it with some unctious, the reader must forgive us, for we have something of the weakness of "simply the most active gentleman of France," who said, "the man had no wit that could not, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on his palfrey."

THE PICKER AND PILER.

The nature of the strange incident I have to relate, forbids me to record either place or time.

On one of the wildest nights in which I had ever been abroad, I drove my panting horses through a snow drift breast high, to the door of a small tavern in the Western Country. The host turned out unwillingly at the knock of my whip handle on the outer door, and, wading before the tired animals to

the barn, which was nearly inaccessible from the banks of snow, he assisted me in getting off their frozen harness, and bestowing them safely for the night.

The "bar-room" fire burnt brightly, and never was fire more welcome. Room was made for me by four or five rough men who sat silent around it, and with a keen comprehension of "pleasure after pain," I took off my furs and moccasins, and stretched my cold contracted limbs to the blaze. When, a few minutes after, a plate of cold salt beef was brought me, with a corn cake and a mug of "flip" hissing from the poker, it certainly would have been hard to convince me that I would have put on my coats and moccasins again to have ridden a mile to Paradise.

The faces of my new companions, which I had not found time to inspect very closely while my supper lasted, were fully revealed by the light of a pitch-pine knot, thrown on the hearth by the landlord, and their grim reserve and ferocity put me in mind, for the first time since I had entered the room, of my errand in that quarter of the country.

The timber-tracts which lie convenient to the rivers of the west, offer to the refugee and desperado of every description, a resource from want, and, (in their own opinion,) from crime, which is seized upon by all at least who are willing to labor. The owners of the extensive forests, destined to become so valuable, are mostly men of large speculation, living in cities, who, satisfied with the constant advance in the price of lumber, consider their pine-trees as liable to nothing but the laws of nature, and leave them unfenced and unprotected, to increase in size and value till the soil beneath them is wanted for culture. It is natural enough that solitary settlers, living in the neighborhood of miles of apparently unclaimed land, should think seldom of the owner, and in time grow to the opinion of the Indian, that the Great Spirit gave the land, the air, and the water, to all his children, and they are free to all alike. Furnishing the requisite teams and implements therefore, the inhabitants of these tracts collect a number of the stragglers through the country, and forming what is called a "bee," go into the nearest woods, and, for month or more, work laboriously at selecting, and felling the tallest and straightest pines. In their rude shanty at night they have bread, pork, and whiskey, which hard labor makes sufficiently palatable, and the time is passed merrily till the snow is right for sledding. The logs are then drawn to the water sides, rafts are formed, and the valuable lumber, for which they have paid nothing but their labor, is run to the cities for their common advantage.

The only enemies of this class of men are the agents who are sometimes sent out in the winter to detect them in the act of felling or drawing off timber, and in the dark countenances around the fire, I read this as the interpretation of my own visit to the woods. They soon brightened and grew talkative when they discovered that I was in search of hands to fell and burn, and make clearing for a farm; and after a talk of an hour or two, I was told in answer to my inquiries, that all the "men people" in the country were busy "lumbering for themselves," unless it were —— the "Picker and Piler."

As the words were pronounced, a shrill neigh outside the door announced the arrival of a new comer.

"Talk of the devil"—said the man in a lower tone, and without finishing the proverb he rose with a respect which he had not accorded to me, to make room for the Picker and Piler.

A man of rather low stature entered, and turned to drive back his horse, who had nearly followed him in. I observed that the animal had neither saddle nor bridle. Shutting the door upon him without violence, he exchanged nods with one or two of the men, and giving the landlord a small keg which he had brought, he pleaded haste for refusing the offered chair, and stood silent by the fire. His features were blackened with smoke, but I could see that they were small and regular, and his voice, though it conveyed in its deliberate accents an indefinable resolution, was almost femininely soft and winning.

"That stranger yonder has got a job for you," said the landlord, as he gave him back the keg and received the money.

Turning quickly upon me, he detected me in a very eager scrutiny of himself, and for a moment I was too much thrown off my guard to address him.

"Is it you, Sir?" he asked, after waiting a moment.

"Yes,—I have some work to be done hereabouts, but—you seem in a hurry. Could you call here to-morrow."

"I may not be here again in a week."

"Do you live far from here?"

He smiled.

"I scarce know where I live, but I am burning a piece of wood a mile or two up the run, and if you would like a warmer bed than the landlord will give you—"

That personage decided the question for me by telling me in so many words that I had better go. His beds were all taken up, and my horses should be taken care of till my return. I saw that my presence had interrupted something, probably the formation of a "bee," and more willingly than I would have believed possible an hour before, I resumed my furs and

wrappers, and declared that I was ready. The Picker and Piler had inspired me, and I knew not why, with an involuntary respect and liking.

"It is a rough night, Sir," said he, as he shouldered a rifle he had left outside, and slung the keg by a leather strap over the neck of his horse, "but I will soon show you a better climate. Come, sir, jump on!"

"And you?" I said inquisitively, as he held his horse by the mane for me to mount. It was a Canadian pony, scarce larger than a Newfoundland dog.

"I am more used to the road, Sir, and will walk. Come!"

"It was no time to stand upon etiquette, even if it had been possible to resist the strange tone of authority with which he spoke. So without more ado, I sprang upon the animal's back, and holding on by the long tuft upon his withers, suffered him passively to plunge through the drift after his master.

Wondering at the readiness with which I had entered upon this equivocal adventure, but never for an instant losing confidence in my guide, I shut my eyes to the blinding cold, and accommodated my limbs as well as I could to the bare back and scrambling paces of the Canadian. The Picker and Piler strode on before, the pony following like a spaniel at his heels, and after a half hour's tramp, during which I had merely observed that we were rounding the base of a considerable hill, we turned short to the right, and were met by a column of smoke, which, lifting, the moment after, disclosed the two slopes of a considerable valley enveloped in one sea of fire. A red, lurid cloud, overhung it at the tops of the tallest trees, and far and wide, above that, spread a covering of black smoke, heaving upward in vast and billowy masses, and rolling away on every side into the darkness.

We approached a pine of gigantic height, on fire to the very peak, not a branch left on the trunk, and its pitchy knots distributed like the eyes of the lamprey, burning pure and steady amid the irregular flame. I had once or twice, with an instinctive wish to draw rein, pulled hard upon the tangled tuft in my hand, but master and horse kept on. This burning tree, however, was the first of a thousand, and as the pony turned his eyes away from the intense heat to pass between it and a bare rock, I glanced into the glowing labyrinth beyond, and my faith gave way. I jumped from his back and hailed the Picker and Piler, with a halloo scarcely audible amid the tumult of the crackling branches.

My voice evidently did not reach his ear, but the pony, relieved from my weight, galloped to his side, and rubbed his muzzle against the unoccupied hand of his master.

He turned back immediately. "I beg pardon," he said, "I have that to think of just now which makes me forgetful. I am not surprised at your hesitation, but mount again and trust the pony."

The animal turned rather unwillingly at his master's bidding, and a little ashamed of having shown fear, while a horse would follow, I jumped again on his back.

"If you find the heat inconvenient, cover your face." And with this laconic advice, the Picker and Piler turned on his heel, and once more strode away before us.

Sheltering the sides of my face by holding up the corners of my wrapper with both hands, I abandoned myself to the horse. He overtook his master with a shuffling canter, and putting his nose as close to the ground as he could carry it without stumbling, followed closely at his heels. I observed, by the green logs lying immediately along our path, that we were following an avenue of prostrate timber which had been felled before the wood was fired; but descending presently to the left, we struck at once into the deep bed of a brook, and by the lifted head and slower gait of the pony, as well as my own easier respiration, I found that the hollow through which it ran, contained a body of pure air unreached by the swaying curtain of smoke or the excessive heat of the fiery currents above. The pony now picked his way leisurely along the brookside, and while my lungs expanded with the relief of breathing a more temperate atmosphere, I raised myself from my stooping posture in a profuse perspiration, and one by one disengaged myself of my protectives against the cold.

I had lost sight for several minutes of the Picker and Piler, and presumed by the pony's desultory movements that he was near the end of his journey, when, rounding a shelving point of rock, we stood suddenly upon the brink of a slight waterfall, where the brook leaped four or five feet into a shrunken dell, and after describing a half circle on a rocky platform, resumed its onward course in the same direction as before. This curve of the brook and the platform it enclosed lay lower than the general level of the forest, and the air around and within it, it seemed to me, was as clear and genial as the summer noon. Over one side, from the rocky wall, a rude and temporary roof of pine slabs dropped upon a barricade of logs, forming a low hut, and before the entrance of this, at the moment of my appearance, stood a woman and a showily dressed young man, both evidently confused at the sudden apparition of the Picker and Piler. My eyes had scarce rested on the latter, when, from standing at his fullest height with his rifle raised as if to beat the other to the earth, he suddenly resumed his stooping and quiet mien, set his rifle against the rock, and came forward to give me his hand.

"My daughter!" he said, more in the way of explanation than introduc-

tion, and without taking further notice of the young man whose presence seemed so unwelcome, he poured me a draught from the keg he had brought, pointed to the water falling close at my hand, and threw himself at his length upon the ground.

The face and general appearance of the young man, now seated opposite me, offered no temptation for more than a single glance, and my whole attention was soon absorbed by the daughter of my singular host, who, crossing from the platform to the hut, divided her attention between a haunch of venison roasting before a burning log of hickory, and the arrangement of a few most primitive implements for our coming supper. She was slight, like her father, in form, and as far as I had been able to distinguish his blackened features, resembled him in the general outline. But in the place of his thin and determined mouth, her lips were round and voluptuous, and though her eye looked as if it *might* wake, it expressed, even in the presence of her moody father, a drowsy and soft indolence, common enough to the Asiatics, but seldom seen in America. Her dress was coarse and careless, but she was beautiful with every possible disadvantage, and, whether married or not, evidently soon to become a mother.

The venison was placed before us on the rock, and the young man, uninvited, and with rather an air of bravado, cut himself a steak from the haunch, and broiled it on the hickory coals, while the daughter kept as near him as her attention to her father's wants would permit, but neither joined us in eating, nor encouraged my attempts at conversation. The picker and piler eat in silence, leaving me to be my own carver, and finishing his repast with a deep draught from the keg which had been the means of our acquaintance, he sprang upon his feet and disappeared.

"The wind has changed," said the daughter, looking up at the smoke, "and he has gone to the western edge to start a new fire. It's a full half mile, and he'll be gone an hour."

This was said with a look at me which was anything but equivocal. I was *de trop*. I took up the rifle of the picker and piler, forgetting that there was probably nothing to shoot in a burning wood, and remarking that I would have a look for a deer, jumped up the waterfall-side, and was immediately hidden by the rocks.

I had had no conception of the scene that lay around me. The natural cave or hollow of rock in which the hut lay embosomed, was the centre of an area of perhaps an acre, which had been felled in the heart of the wood, before it was set on fire. The forest encircled it with blazing columns, whose capitals were apparently lost in the sky, and curtains of smoke and flame, which flew as if lashed into ribands by a whirlwind. The grandeur, the violence, the intense brightness of the spectacle, outran all imagination. The pines, on fire to the peak, and straight as arrows, seemed to resemble, at one moment the conflagration of an eastern city, with innumerable minarets abandoned to the devouring element. At the next moment, the wind, changing its direction, swept out every vestige of smoke, and extinguished every tongue of flame, and the tall trees, in clear and flameless ignition, standing parallel in thousands, resembled some blinding temple of the genii, whose columns of miraculous rubies, sparkling audibly, outshone the day. By single glances, my eye penetrated into aisles of blazing pillars, extending far into the forest, and the next instant, like a tremendous surge alive with serpents of fire, the smoke and flame swept through it, and it seemed to me as if some glorious structure had been consumed in the passing of a thought. For a minute, again, all would be still except the crackling of the fibres of the wood, and with the first stir of the wind, like a shower of flashing gems, the bright coals rained down through the forest, and for a moment the earth glowed under the trees as if its whole crust were alive with one bright ignition.

With the pungency of the smoke and heat, and the variety and bewilderment of the spectacle, I found my eyes and brain growing giddy. The brook ran cool below, and the heat had dried the leaves in the small clearing, and with the abandonment of a man overcome with the sultriness of the summer, I lay down on the rivulet's bank, and dipped my head and bathed my eyes in the running water. Close to its surface there was not a particle of smoke in the air, and, exceedingly refreshed with its temperate coolness, I lay for some time in luxurious ease, trying in vain to fancy the winter that howled without. Frost and cold were never more difficult to realize in midsummer, though within a hundred rods, probably, a sleeping man would freeze to death in an hour.

"I have a better bed for you in the shanty," said the Picker and Piler, who had approached unheard in the noise of the fires, and suddenly stood over me.

He took up his rifle, which I had laid against a prostrate log, and looked anxiously towards the descent to the hut.

"I am little inclined for sleep," I answered, "and perhaps you will give me an hour of conversation here. The scene is new to me"—

"I have another guest to dispose of," he answered, "and we shall be more out of the smoke near the shanty."

I was not surprised, as I jumped upon the platform, to find him angrily separating his daughter and the stranger. The girl entered the hut, and

with a decisive gesture, he pointed the young man to a "shake-down" of straw in the remotest corner of the rocky enclosure.

"With your leave, old gentleman," said the intruder, after glancing at his intended place of repose, "I'll find a crib for myself." And springing up the craggy rock opposite the door of the shanty, he gathered a slight heap of brush, and threw it into a hollow left in the earth by a tree, which, though full grown and green, had been borne to the earth and partly uprooted by the falling across it of an overblown and gigantic pine. The earth and stones had followed the uprooted mass, forming a solid upright wall, from which, like struggling fingers, stretching back in agony to the ground from which they had parted, a few rent and naked roots pointed into the cavity. The sequel will show why I am so particular in this description.

"When peace was declared between England and this country," said the Picker and Piler (after an hour's conversation, which had led insensibly to his own history,) I was in command of a privateer. Not choosing to become a pirate, by continuing the cruise, I was set ashore in the West Indies by a crew in open mutiny. My property was all on board, and I was left a beggar. I had one child, a daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth.

Having left a sufficient sum for her education in the hands of a brother of my own, under whose roof she had passed the first years of her life, I determined to retrieve my fortunes before she or my friends should be made acquainted with my disaster.

"Ten years passed over, and I was still a wanderer and a beggar.

"I determined to see my child, and came back, like one from the dead, to my brother's door. He had forgotten me, and abused his trust. My daughter, then seventeen, and such as you see her here, was a drudge in the family of a stranger—ignorant and friendless. My heart turned against mankind with this last drop in a bitter cup, and, unfitted for quiet life, I looked around for some channel of desperate adventure. But my daughter was the perpetual obstacle. What to do with her? She had neither the manners nor the education of a lady, and to leave her a servant was impossible. I started with her for the West, with the vague design of joining some tribe of Indians, and chance and want have thrown me into the only mode of life on earth that could now be palatable to me."

"Is it not lonely," I asked, "after your stirring adventures?"

"Lonely! If you knew the delight with which I live in the wilderness, with circle of fire to shut out the world! The labor is hard, it is true, but I need it, to sleep and forget. There is no way else in which I could seclude my daughter. Till lately, she has been contented, too. We live a month together in one place—the centre like this of a burning wood. I can bear hardship, but I love a high temperature—the climate of the tropics—and I have it here. For weeks I forgot that it is winter, tending my fires and living on the game I have stored up. There is a hollow or a brook—a bed or a cave, in every wood, where the cool air, as here, sinks to the bottom, and there I can put up my shanty, secure from all intrusion—but such as I bring upon myself."

The look he gave to the uprooted ash and the sleeper beneath it, made an apology for this last clause unnecessary. He thought not of me.

"Some months since," continued the Picker and Piler, in a voice husky with suppressed feeling, "I met the villain who sleeps yonder, accidentally, as I met you. He is the owner of this land. After engaging to clear and burn it, I invited him, as I did yourself, from a momentary fever for company which sometimes comes over the solitary, to go with me to the fallow I was clearing. He loitered in the neighborhood awhile, under pretext of hunting, and twice on my return from the village, I found that my daughter had seen him. Time has betrayed the wrong he inflicted on me."

The voice of the agitated father sank almost to a whisper as he pronounced the last few words, and, rising from the rock on which we were sitting, he paced for a few minutes up and down the platform in silence.

The reader must fill up from his own imagination the drama of which this is but the outline, for the Picker and Piler was not a man to be questioned, and I can tell but what I saw and heard. In the narration of his story he seemed recapitulating the prominent events for his own self-converse, rather than attempting to tell a tale to me, and it was hurried over as brokenly and briefly as I have put it down. I sat in a listening attitude after he concluded, but he seemed to have unburthened his bosom sufficiently, and his lips were closed with stern compression.

"You forget," he said, after pacing awhile, "that I offered you a place to sleep. The night wears late. Stretch yourself on that straw, with your cloak over you. Good night!"

I lay down and looked up at the smoke rolling heavily into the sky till I slept.

I awoke, feeling chilled, for the rock sheltered me from the rays of the fire. I stepped out from the hollow. The fires were pale with the gray of the morning, and the sky was visible through the smoke. I looked around for a place to warm myself. The hickory log had smouldered out, but a fire had been kindled under the overblown pine, and its pitchy heart was now flowing with the steady brilliancy of a torch. I took up one of its broken branches, cracked it on my knee, and stirring up the coals below, soon sent up a merry blaze, which enveloped the whole trunk.

Turning my back to the increasing heat, I started, for, creeping towards me, with a look of eagerness for which I was at a loss to account, came the Picker and Piler.

"Twice doomed!" he muttered between his teeth, "but not by me!"

He threw down a handful of pitch pine knots, laid his axe against the burning tree, and with a branch of hemlock, swept off the flame from the spot where the fire was eating through, as if to see how nearly it was divided.

I began to think him insane, for I could get no answer to my questions, and when he spoke, it was half audible, and with his eyes turned from me fixedly. I looked in the same direction, but could see nothing remarkable. The seducer slept soundly beneath his matted wall, and the rude door of the shanty was behind us. Leaving him to see phantoms in the air, as I thought, I turned my eyes to the drips of the waterfall, and was absorbed in memories of my own, when I saw the girl steal from the shanty, and with one bound overleap the rocky barrier of the platform. I laid my hand on the shoulder of my host, and pointed after her, as with stealthy pace looking back occasionally to the hut, where she evidently though her father slept, she crept round toward her lover.

"He dies!" cried the infuriated man; but as he jumped from me to seize his axe, the girl crouched out of sight, and my own first thought was to awake the sleeper. I made two bounds and looked back, for I heard no footstep.

"Stand clear!" shouted a voice of almost supernatural shrillness! and as I caught sight of the Picker and Piler standing enveloped in smoke upon the burning tree, with his axe high in air, the truth flashed on me.

Down came the axe into the very heart of the pitchy flame, and trembling with the tremendous stroke, the trunk slowly bent upwards from the fire. The Picker and Piler sprang clear, the overborne ash creaked and heaved, and with a sick giddiness in my eyes, I looked at the unwarned sleeper.

One half of the dissevered pine fell to the earth, and the shock startled him from his sleep. A whole age seemed to me elapsing while the other rose with the slow lift of the ash. As it slid heavily away, the vigorous tree righted, like a giant springing to his feet. I saw the root pin the hand of the seducer to the earth—a struggle—a contortion—and the leafless and waving top of the recovered and upright tree rocked with its effort, and a long, shaggy crp had gone out echoing through the woods, and was still. I felt my brain reel.

Blanched to a livid paleness, the girl moved about in the sickly daylight when I recovered; but the Picker and Piler, with a clearer brow than I had yet seen him wear, was kindling fires beneath the remnants of the pine.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The past theatrical season at our two principal houses has been one of varied character. Both opened the campaign with brilliant prospects, and for some months the hopes of the managers were realized in golden results.

At the PARK, the engagements of Miss Clifton, Madam Caradori, Mr. Power, and Miss Tree, succeeded each other with unwanted eclat, and betokened yet more marked success for the distinguished artists about to present themselves for the first time before an American audience. The Mathews' at length appeared. The public was disappointed, and, singularly enough, in both. Mrs. M. did not equal expectation—Mr. M. surpassed it altogether, but without supplying that degree of attraction which was required to fill the void in the public mind.

Various have been the attributed causes of this failure, so fatal to the prosperity of the Park. In our humble opinion, there was but one principal cause, and had each spectator consulted his own bosom, he would have found it. It consisted in the almost entire destitution of that striking and high order of beauty, which was imagined to constitute the great charm of an actress so celebrated, and who had narrowed down her line of characters to that class, in which distinguished personal charms were indispensable. Tell us not of the gossip of hotels—of the scandal of the press—of American sensitiveness and prudery; "The Vestris" would have triumphantly surmounted all these obstacles, had not that ruthless destroyer of beauty—time—and a life of vicissitude and excitement, left their usual traces on features once, perhaps, irresistible, but now, alas! patched and painted, to a degree so palpable, that instead of concealing the traces of decay, there was presented the melancholy spectacle of ostentatious vanity, eagerly inviting applause in the livid hues of treacherous cosmetics, totally un-deemed by a most tasteful and elaborate toilet.

The press, with a delicacy highly creditable to its gallantry, refrained from the expression of a truth so unwelcome, and reluctantly acknowledged by one long accustomed to the accents of admiration and the applause of millions. Yet let us be just, and bestow the meed of praise where it was so signally deserved. As an artist we have never seen Vestris surpassed on our stage. Time, that had so cruelly dimmed her beauty, had perfected the power and delicacy of her acting. With most consummate skill, she portrayed a series of characters that demand the originality of

genius and the appliances of taste, to illustrate in a manner commensurate to their great requirements. Superadded to her capabilities as an actress, she was endowed with a voice as musical as the spheres, and attuned to the expression of the most popular of all English music—ballads and songs. Thus gifted, and thus perfected in all the great essentials of her profession, it was a sad lesson to learn, that the few only—the judicious few, could suitably appreciate the varied charm of her personations, unaccompanied by those personal attractions it was once her pride to possess. The Mathews' left us in coldness and anger, concealing apparently, even from themselves, the real cause of their failure, and attributing it to circumstances as little influential on the mind of this community, as the croakings from the fens. From that moment, the Park fell into a state of unmitigated languishment, far beyond what has been endured for years; and although the management made a few feeble and spiritless efforts to regain its wanted prosperity, it was of no avail. The company struggled with their declining popularity, but it did not possess the elements of attraction, and the few, whose talents in another sphere would have been available, were doomed to drag through stupid plays to empty benches. At length, in a species of frenzied despair, the manager suddenly resolved on an expedient to recover the sunken fortunes of the Park, that astonished the theatrical world, and gave serious umbrage to the friends of "Old Drury." The services of one who was deemed obnoxious to the grave censure of the community, was accepted as a boon, and the old enemy of the Park trod its boards in triumph.

This last effort of the management was only wanting to complete the disasters of the year, thus alienating his friends, adding disgrace to the misfortunes of his house, and plunging the establishment into settled unpopularity, without the sympathy of steadfast patrons or the regrets of the public.

THE NATIONAL.

At the NATIONAL, the season has been more propitious. Mr. Forrest, Mr. Wallack, and Celeste, each fulfilled fortunate engagements, and relieved the management from any embarrassments of the previous year. But the crowning glory of the season was achieved at this house by the operatic company. There seems to be a peculiar appropriateness in restoring the charms of this delicious amusement at the National. It was there our music-loving citizens had indulged their tastes to the utmost, not merely for harmonic concords, but in all the plenitude of wealth they had fitted up, in style of eastern luxury, this once gorgeous monument of vanity, enthusiasm, fashion, and music. To mark the era yet more strongly, it was boldly determined to bring out a new opera, fresh from the hands of its composers, thus risking a chance of failure, in music entirely unassociated with other days and other favorites, for the possibility of attaining at once a proud eminence in triumphant success. The event justified the judgment of the manager. *Amilie* was played twenty-five nights to overflowing houses, composed of amateurs and much of the fashion of the town.

In the prima donna were recognized a variety of qualities, both attractive and elevating. Miss Shireff was found to possess an exquisitely charming voice, great ability as an actress, with fascinating manners, and the magic power of giving expression to her music through the witchery of her smiles; but above all, her modest demeanor, and the purity of her life, added a charm that made her quite irresistible. She became at once a favorite, and has sustained herself in the enthusiastic admiration of her friends in all she has since attempted. Seguin and Wilson were found able supporters in the bass and tenor departments. The former being esteemed by some equal to the best we have ever had—even the magnificent Fornasari, and the latter, "with his note so true," is so really excellent, that we have little to regret, save in the want of expression, resulting rather from a certain stolidity of countenance than from any deficiency in the variety or sweetness of tone. More recently, a new galaxy of operatic stars have created some sensation in our musical circles. Mrs. Seguin and De Begnis appeared in the Barber as Rosina and Figaro. We were particularly pleased with the quality of voice and the science of Mrs. Seguin. Her acting was lady-like, yet there was wanting that soul, so requisite to the full development of the intense feeling of the passionate Spanish maiden. The music was rich and melodious; our ears were delighted, but the eye wandered to discover the throat from whence issued such miraculous notes, for nothing indicated that the quiet lady who stood before us, was uttering such dulcet sounds. De Begnis is an accomplished man, both as singer and actor. His Figaro is a study, and probably embodies the conception of the composer more entirely than that of any other actor ever on our stage.

Alternating with opera and the engagements of Celeste, we have had another order of representations at this house. They met with all the encouragement they deserved. A caterwauling pit, known in this community as the Bowery boys, a corresponding display in the boxes, with galleries to match, gave dreadful note of the character of the performance. We forbear to illustrate further our sense of the transcendent loathsome ness which these scenes presented. The hi! hi! of throats matchless in power, the eternal munching of pea-nuts, the reeking of the unctuous galaxy above,

The Corsair.

the fumes of gin and the din of oaths, conspired to the production of a pandemonium as yet unsung.

The great feature, however, of this establishment consists in the enterprise, the spirit, and the liberality of the manager. Years of experience have not failed to teach him the useful lesson, that in no other business does a bold expenditure of capital, judiciously devoted to the increase of attractions, so surely repay the outlay; and that it is only a penny-wise policy to seek for modes of retrenchment, so long as there is scope for improvement. This conviction prompts the unwearied exertion of the manager to increase the novelties and attractiveness of his house. It is to this enterprising spirit we must attribute the signal success of the National.

While, however, we honestly commend the judgment of the manager in regard to others, we are astonished at his want of forecast in regard to himself. Why he has deemed it wise to lay himself on the shelf, *as an actor*, is better known to Mr. Wallack than to ourselves. Occupying a position at the very head of that class of actors, now so rare, whose personations have ever constituted the most attractive and most brilliant pictures of life, he makes himself liable to the charge of capriciousness or indolence, in thus retiring from the front rank of the business-doers, to repose on the laurels already achieved. No man can so easily afford to lay aside all professional pride, and, like the great Talma, set the example of occasionally doing that *well* which gives but little scope to his powers, or of making much of that, of which others make so little. Besides, there are numerous characters in the British drama peculiarly his own, others which a little industry would readily make so, and we therefore discover no good reason to excuse his disregard to the general and oft-expressed wish of his admirers, to see him again on the boards of his own theatre.

We have a word to say to "both your houses," on star engagements. For a series of years past, it has been found quite a sufficient attraction to be able to present one distinguished actor or actress at a time. But the practice has outlived those gifted beings that made it feasible. In the days of Cook and Kean, of Macready and the Kemble's, it would have been downright prodigality to engage more than one of these "primary planets" for the season; but since their exit from the stage, a species of "asteroids" have arisen, and shed their twinkling light where those great luminaries once shone resplendently. Yet the old practice continues, and managers wonder in well-feigned surprise that their boxes are no better filled, when they announce the appearance of one of these modern stars. Now, what one man cannot do, many sometimes may; and if these merely fair actors, be not indulged in their exorbitant demands, the manager can well afford to strengthen his attractions by engaging three or four of them at a time, and thus present a constellation, whose united light might be less vivid than that dispensed of yore, but the measure would at least dispel some of the darkness that has so "lowered upon our houses."

LONDON THEATRICALS.

Parliament is in session—the Court in Town, and the two Patent Theatres are dividing between them the great influx of strangers to the London world. Macready, a host in himself, and vicegerent of Covent Garden, presents the legitimate drama in all its power and classic excellence. He is supported by Vandenhoff, Anderson, Phelps, and G. Bennett, who seem perfectly contented to play second fiddle to the great tragic *maestro*. Helen Faucit *heroines* all that's loving and pathetic, and Mrs. Warner, late Miss Huddart, *queens* it as majestically as an impediment in her speech will allow.

At Drury Lane, Alfred Bunn, commonly called "Alfred the Great," waves his managerial wand, and with the power of a magician commands the *Stars*. Evergreen Braham, the sexagenarian vocalist, leads the Opera, and the charming Miss Romer *syrenises* the public with her alluring notes so effectively, as to fill the Theatre. By the bye, we wish Miss Romer would take it into her head to *roam* this way, for in vocal powers she has no equal in England except Mrs. Wood.

The Queen has visited Drury Lane to see Van Amburgh, the *Lord of Lions*, and Covent Garden to see the lady of ditto. Both houses have been well patronized, though not by any means generally fashionable. We learn that Her pretty little Majesty displeases her most loyal subjects in not patronising the English Drama more extensively, but we can readily forgive her for preferring the delicious entertainments at the Italian Opera, to any thing that the Patent Theatres can produce.

Vestris meets with more favor and success at the Olympic than she did at the Park. However, she is powerfully supported by the veteran Farren, her own "*Dear Charles*," Mrs. Nisbett, a lady of high attainments and exquisitely refined manners, Mrs. Orger, and our old friend, little Keeley. Such a galaxy of talent must draw—we don't say a blister.

The Italian Opera has Grisi, Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, and Persiani, each a star of the first magnitude, and the house, under the judicious management of Laporte, is filled every night.

The Adelphi, affiliating itself on Yates, does well. The Bayadere *exhibition* was not an entire "go," though its novelty rendered it attractive for some nights. Mrs. Keeley, O. Smith, pretty Mrs. Yates, and the Bel-

gian giant, Mr. Bihin, with his 8 feet, (his height) pay the expenses, and leave a little in pocket besides. Generally speaking, the London managers have nothing to complain of up to the present moment, and with the late accession of play-goers following the Court and Parliament, they must close the season with well-filled exchequers.

MADAME VESTRIS' RECEPTION AT HOME.

There is a great deal of twaddle in many of the English papers on the enthusiastic reception of Vestris on the boards of her own little theatre in Wyche street—the Olympic. It argues well for the good-heartedness of John Bull that such was the case; but we fancy there were mingled in this outburst, feelings of wounded pride and spite towards their transatlantic brethren for not having more fully appreciated one, whom, they at home had so long flattered with the incense of their applause, and whom they now desired to soothe by a ready sympathy with her mortifications and her resentments. We hardly imagine, however, that many of us will die of chagrin for having committed the imputed crime of not thinking Vestris, bedaubed with paint and distorted with paralysis, quite as beautiful as an angel, nor hardly to be compared to some of her countrywomen we have seen on our boards. There was but one opinion of her acting. She was pronounced peerless, but taste could go no farther. Yet we can easily understand that to those who are *old enough* to recollect how fascinating she probably was in the height of her charms, she may still be attractive, and retain the power to recall to their minds the brilliant scenes she was wont to portray and adorn; but the decrepitude, the decay, the ghastliness of the artist, were not redeemed here by any such favoring associations—the Vestris of the Olympic in London, was another being when she became the Vestris of the Park in New York. Every candid and judicious man will comprehend this, and cease to wonder at the result. Indeed, though her friends and idolizers blow off the roof of the Olympic with their "seven minutes and a half cheering" at her cuts on the Yankees, it will be difficult to make us believe that they really find more to admire in this stuccoed specimen of flesh and blood than we Brother Jonathans. We claim on this side the water to have some idea of what beauty is. We now and then have seen a beautiful woman, we think, and we all confess to be much under the influence of her dominion, but we must humbly acknowledge that we have not the power to endow a painted doll with any of those attributes that distinguish the truly beautiful of our own land. Nor do we sympathize with those who fancy they participate in the pleasures of the nobility, when they are permitted to add their clamorous shouts to swell the triumphs of one whose fashionable popularity at home has been mainly dependent on the fact of her having been the *recherché* favorite of the titled Lotharios of a licentious capital.

However, we will not find fault with other people's bread and butter. We hope to survive even Vestris' cutting rebukes, and trust that the world will wag on in its destined course, the "Olympian's" to the contrary notwithstanding. But there is one thing, we fear, we shall never survive—one thing there is impending over the destinies of this fated country, that must convulse it to the centre. Master Charles Vestris Mathews is writing a book; it is even already announced, with a most ominous title, and yet the blind, infatuated people of this doomed republic go to bed at night and expect to rise in the morning. Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in Ascalon, but the *Book* is to be called "How do you like our Country?" Ye gods and little fishes! where shall we, the natives hide ourselves. The pure, the elevated, the scrupulous, the tasteful, the dainty possessor of all the charms of the paragon of the Olympic, has threatened us with a book, an absolute book, containing his critical observations on the philosophy of republicanism, the state of Morals in America, our disregard to public opinion, the fashions of a Philadelphia theatre, the whole to be concluded with a veracious statement of the cause of Madame's failure, together with a faithful report of that speech addressed to the Park audience on his bidding adieu to the American stage.—*Ilium fuit* will then be written across this continent—the glorious Union will be dissolved, and our little feverish republic, will pass away like the baseless fabric of a vision.

FRENCH THEATRES.

Since the death of immortal Talma, the classic drama has been almost entirely neglected by his successors. Spectacles, opera, the ballet, comedy, and those extravagant tragedies of the modern school, have nightly given satisfaction to the immense crowds of the theatre-goers in the gay capital of France. The opera and the ballet divided the patronage of the fashionable, and the minor theatres have been crowded with the middle classes. The lovers of the heroic style mourned over the neglect into which their favorite authors had fallen, but were unable to suggest a remedy to restore them to their deserved consideration. The fact was, there was no actor nor actress on the boards, deemed capable of recalling to the memories of the old worshippers of Talma, the serene grandeur and vivid portraiture of that unmatched tragedian.

Suddenly there was presented at a principal theatre the long desired boon. A young lady, but sixteen years of age, was announced to appear in a character of the highest order of the classic drama. No one had ever heard of

her. Her parentage was obscure—her avocations were the most humble—even singing in the streets and imploring charity, had been followed as a means of subsistence. Such was the condition of Mademoiselle Rachel, now the youthful favorite of the Parisian public. The novelty of her style—her perfect conception of character—the depth of her feelings and her extreme youth, produced the most profound impression. She at once arose to the very pinnacle of rank as a tragic actress. If but half that has been said of her in the French journals be true, she is indeed a miracle. She makes no other preparation for an appearance in the most difficult part than to commit it to memory, and imbue her mind with the spirit of the author—relying entirely on the inspiration of the moment for a just delineation of the ideal being in her own imagination. She uses little action—rarely moves her arms, evinces the deepest emotions, and elicits deafening applause in passages where the ranting and gesticulation of other celebrated actresses, have scarcely extorted an acclamation. She is now seventeen, rather tall—pale and thin, with a striking though melancholy expression of countenance. Her salary is 20,000 francs. The King and Royal family extend to her their patronage, but it is said that the talented Jules Janin, of the *Journal de Debats*, first claimed for her, in the columns of his Journal, that distinguished position which she now occupies, and to the spirited critiques of his partial pen has been attributed her continuance at her present elevation—the acknowledged first actress of France.

But notwithstanding the extraordinary hold which the revival of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, has upon the public attention, the all-absorbing spirit of Apollo bears away the palm. Be it known to our readers that there is but one Italian Opera Company in Europe; it is the Company, and consists of Guibetta, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, the larger Lablache, and Ivanhoff, they *stroll* from capital to capital, and draw largely upon the enthusiasm and the purses of their admirers. They constitute a powerful “band,” producing a concert of harmonies hitherto unheard. Separately they might please and perhaps astonish, but united, they enthrall the senses and elate the heart. The expense to managers for these gifted musicians is about twelve hundred dollars per night. They have just completed their engagement in Paris, and are now in London. The length of the operatic representations is commensurate with the public affection for it, as we observe in a late French paper that Messrs. Scribe and Halery have written an opera for which Meyerbeer is to compose the music, and it is stated, by way of congratulation, that it is not to take more than three hours and a half in representation.

The gay souls of the gayest city in the world do not depend entirely upon grand operas and deep tragedy for their *passe temps*. The graceful and agile Taglioni, and the brilliant Fanny Elsler by turns draw crowds to the Academie Royal de Musique. Fanny is now there, and so great is the importance attached to this species of entertainment, that Scribe, the author of some five or six hundred pieces, and Auber, the composer of Massaniello and Guechara, have united their abilities in the production of a new operatic ballet. Then again they have Victor Hugo, the prince of horrors, author of the Hunchback and Notre Dame, and Sforza Duke of Milan, holding in chains the tearful and soft-hearted at the Ventadour theatre, whilst those who wish to laugh *only*, repair to the Vaudeville, a species of theatrical entertainment, which none, so well as the French, know how to “get up” and enjoy.

EXPOSURE OF FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

Extracts from a new novel called “Horace Vernon.”

There is something disgusting, says an English critic, in the Tory Duke and Marquis, father and son, associating together at an infamous house; and it is singular that within a few weeks the Duke alluded to has become food for worms, and the Marquis of Marigold has stepped into the Ducal slippers.

“The party which Mrs. Maxwell had invited on the evening before adverted to, not being numerous, was of course select; such description being now-a-days invariably applied to any small number of human beings, whether congregated at the mansion of a Marquis in May fair, or the house of a butcher in Whitechapel. It was, we have said, a select party. There was lolling, half asleep upon a sofa, the Duke of Rockingham—a nobleman, whose sole business in this life seemed to be to dress, to take snuff, and to wait till appoplexy could find leisure to take charge of him. And there was his son and heir, the Marquis of Marigold, a distinguished orator on agricultural distress, a perpetual president of county meetings, a Colonel of Yeomanry, who dined with his corps once a year, a zealous friend of farmers who could afford to pay rent, a staunch supporter of the Corn Laws and dear bread, and one who, like the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, wondered at the poor being hungry, when “three such nice cakes could be bought for a halfpenny!” Then there was my Lord Walgrave, and Mr. Robinson in his green spectacles, of whose private character and virtue we have heretofore tendered specimens. In addition to these, was the Hon. Mr. Scampington, a gentleman about thirty years of age, and six feet in height, with a ruddy complexion, and generally wearing a colored striped cravat, a yellow waistcoat, green riding coat, white cords and top-boots. Tom Scampington was of a race nearly extinct. They flourished about thirty years ago, but have almost vanished with the advent of quadrilles and French cookery. He was one of those who cared for nothing—his debts and the devil not excepted; who could drive any thing, from a four-in-hand to the barrow of a dog’s meatman; who could chant any thing, from the *buffo* of Lablache to the “take off” of a dustman; who could say any

thing but his prayers, and do any thing—even a lawyer! He knew all the points of a horse, and could doctor it into the bargain; he was a member of the funny club, and the best shot at the Red House, and would run a match with any man in the three kingdoms; he would play at anything, from “put” to “piquet,” from “nine-pins” to “rouge-et-noir”; would bet upon any thing, and take either side, and would laugh louder, and utter more choice oaths, than any other man in England. To relate all the accomplishments of Mr. Scampington, would be an endless task: suffice it to say, that by his side the Admirable Crichton was one of the veriest imposters that ever made a reputation at the expense of a credulous public. There was likewise my Lord Viscount Vauxhall, who was so far indebted to our laws of heirship and succession, that without them he would never have borne a title. His Lordship held a commission in a regiment of Lancers, wore small black tips to his lips, had a mincing fashion of speech, and whilst driving his cabriolet up and down Regent street, with his white-gloved hands peeping over the board, looking like some simpering miss playing the pianoforte. The Honorable Colonel Leonard Hopetoun had joined the select; he was remarkable for nothing beyond his huge black moustache, a good-humored, though stolid set of features, and driving four grays at the most economical rate of any man about town; the four grays being, to use the horse-fancier’s phrase, “screws;” and the entire set-out, including the old green barouche, worth about one hundred and twenty pounds. Then there was Lord Vanely, a celebrated wit and *bon-vivant* about town; and a friend of his, Mr. Clively, one of that class which pays handsomely for introduction into life, and always have fathers who will do no more for them, and who are totally incapable of doing any thing more for themselves. Finally, as a support to the mistress of the mansion, was little Mrs. Hillary, with a turban which seemed to have been born with her, for no one ever remembered to have seen her without it. She was a lady always to be found in such companionship as that of Mrs. Maxwell, who, in fact, on such occasions as the present, could scarcely do without such a person as Mrs. Hillary—one of those persons whose habitation no one knows, whose means of existence no one cares to inquire into, and whose husband, if she had any, no human being had ever been known to mention, or even to think of. Mr. Vernon, the rich banker, was expected by Mrs. Maxwell, but had not yet arrived. Mr. Maxwell had the good fortune, or rather the talent, to unite under her roof men of the most opposite opinions, who in the political arena, encountered each other with almost gladiatorial ferocity, but who, in the quiet seclusion of Englefield Green, seemed by common consent to eschew the trammels of party. Under the prudent auspices of Mrs. Maxwell, they were able to indulge in their refined saturnalia; sacrificing for awhile party hostility to private enjoyment, and feeling safe from the snarling of a meddling world, which seems always to expect its rulers to be either saints or sages. The apartments were *en suite*, and sufficiently spacious for a much larger assemblage than were met together on the present occasion. They were brilliantly lighted, and the furniture, as we have before said, was every thing that the most fastidious taste could desire. At the upper extremity of the principal room, on a large sofa, lined with large down pillars, was seated the mistress of the mansion. She was dressed in velvet, which admirably became her well-rounded and matron-like person; her face for this evening was wreathed with smiles—for nothing had happened to arouse her natural irritability: all had gone well; her distinguished guests were around her, and unlike other entertainers, she could calculate the cost of entertaining them, as so much to her individual advantage. Beside her, on the sofa, for form sake, was little Mrs. Hillary, whose insignificant appearance offered some contrast to the *en-bon-point* of her friend, or rather patroness; and on her right was Lord Walgrave, apparently very much at his ease, and talking to her and Colonel Leonard Hopetoun, who occupied an ottoman close by. The Marquis of Marigold was standing under a lamp, and reading his speech at a late county meeting, as reported in the *Bucks Gazette*, for nothing could check his indomitable passion for speechifying on “agricultural distress;” whilst his respected parent, the Duke, was dozing in the corner. Near the entrance were grouped Lord Vanely, Mr. Scampington, Lord Vauxhall, and Mr. Clively, discussing topics which neither smacked of politics nor literature. “Did you ever hear the joke about Hopetoun?” inquired Scampington of Lord Vanely. “I never heard of any joke coupled with Hopetoun in my life, unless against him,” answered the Peer drily. “Now, Vanely, you are always so d—d sharp upon people, you are, upon my soul,” lisped Lord Vauxhall; “I have heard him say some remarkably good things” “I should as soon expect to hear Hopetoun say a good thing as you to do one; but what is this joke?” “Why, you know his team,” said Scampington. “Three roarers and a blind one!” “Exactly:—Well, driving down Regent street the other day, rather faster than was prudent with horses which ought to have been in the infirmary, just as the leaders came abreast of old Lady Swanwell’s carriage, she almost screamed with affright at the noise, and seizing the arm of her companion, cried out, ‘It is a shame that the police allow these nasty steam-engines to come into crowded streets, frightening the horses—we shall certainly have some accident.’ It was Hopetoun’s leaders!” A general laugh followed the anecdote.

THE GAMBLING SCENE.

“I believe we are to have a rubber,” said Scampington; but they expect somebody else to make up a set.” “Oh, oh, I know,” said Vanely; “they are looking for Vernon, the banker. I wonder he is not come, for he is as fond of a rubber as any man in the kingdom.” At this moment the servant announced Mr. Vernon, who was warmly received by Mrs. Maxwell, and by her introduced to Lord Walgrave and the other gentlemen. Lord Vanely he appeared to know slightly, and Mr. Robinson intimately; the latter greeted him with all the respect which he usually paid to rank or wealth. Mr. Vernon appeared to be about six and thirty years of age, about the middle size, and rather stout. His countenance was prepossessing; there was an air of frankness and good humor about it; but the uncertainty and wavering of his very light grey eye bespoke irritability and indecision. His complexion was what is usually called sanguine, his teeth were very even and white, and his hair was light and curling, though scanty. An almost imperceptible shade of heightened color came over his countenance on seeing Walgrave seated in so very familiar a manner beside Mrs.

Maxwell; but the feeling, whatever it might have been, was instantly checked. Mrs. Hillary rising under the pretence of conversing with Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Maxwell beckoned the banker into her vacant place. "I was wondering what had made you so late," said Mrs. Maxwell to Vernon; "we have been waiting to make up a rubber; for Scampington and some of them want hazard, and Lord Walgrave never plays it." "I shall be glad to make one," said the banker; "for I am not fond of hazard, myself." "Then we can manage very well," observed the mistress of the house, "for Mr. Clively and Mr. Robinson are both whist players. I shall engage the Duke in a game of picquet, and the rest can manage for themselves." Upon this intimation the parties were soon formed, and on cutting for partners, Lord Walgrave and Mr. Robinson were opposed to the banker and Mr. Clively, at short whist and five pound points. The Duke was soon dozing over a game of picquet with Mrs. Maxwell, and the dice were heard rattling in a distant room. Lord Vanely and the Marquis of Marigold were lounging upon a sofa, in the neighborhood of the whist players; the Marquis had pocketed the *Bucks Gazette*, and was discussing with Vanely, various points of play, in the mysteries of which, though politician and patriot, he seemed by no means deficient. Play had now proceeded a considerable time, and refreshments were handed about in profusion. Vernon's face was flushed, and his hand slightly trembled, as he dealt the cards; he had already lost a considerable amount with Walgrave, by heavy betting. As the wine came round, he drank larger draughts of Champagne, which, instead of allaying his excitement, only tended to increase it. "Yonder Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, opposite, plays more like a madman than a man of business," said the Marquis in an under tone; "such a fellow as Walgrave would ruin him, if he had the Bank of England to draw upon." "Yes; he is in very good hands," coolly observed Vanely, "do you observe, what extraordinary good fortune Walgrave has to-night?" "Vanely, ten pounds upon the odd card this hand," said Walgrave. "Done!" said Vanely, "and I am done," he added in an under tone. "He is devilish lucky," said the Marquis. "I'll bet the odds that he turns up an honour this deal," said Vanely. "Done! in fives or tens!" "Tens, if you like." "Done!" The card was turned up. "An ace by G—d!" said the Marquis; "why he has done nothing, but cut aces and kings all the evening." "Yes; he is a remarkably fortunate player," said Vanely, a smile of sarcasm, unobserved by his companion, rising on his lip:—"I'll make it a standing bet, if you like, for the evening." "No, no, thank you," replied the other shaking his head; "I don't like betting against luck; I like to back the winning colour. But Vanely, how is it that Walgrave, whenever he deals, is always seized with a fit of coughing? There he is again, almost black in the face, and his hands under the table." "Does our bet stand?" said Vanely carelessly. "No, no, thank ye; he has it again, by Jove! the king of hearts. It is very singular." "Very!" "And he plays up to his partner's hand, as though he knew where every honour was placed." "Superior tact." "Egad! I hardly know what to make of it; the devil must be at his elbow." "I've thought so for some time," muttered Vanely.

THE EARL'S DEATH BED.

The papers were signed at length in the presence of Gibson and a clerk of Robinson, who had been in attendance for the purpose. Robinson and the valet supported the Earl while he affixed his almost illegible signature. The valet and clerk withdrew. "And now, hear what I have further to say," said the Earl, with difficulty. "Mr. Robinson, I wish the child to be under the care of her mother, so long as she is of tender years, or—but I have spoken with you before on that subject, and you know my mind. You will find a note case at the back of my pillow. Take it, and count the contents." "There are three notes, my Lord, of £1000 each," said Mr. Robinson, in his soft voice, after he had found the case as directed by the Earl, and opened it. "I wish that sum to be given to Mrs. Miltoune, from time to time, as occasion may require, for our old friendship's sake, and for the care she may take of my child." At the mention of this act of kindness on the part of the Earl towards her, Mrs. Miltoune's sullenness relaxed, and she placed her hand upon that of the Earl, which was lying on the coverlet of the bed. "Thank you, my dear Charleston," she said, "this is kind of you; you know my embarrassments. But still I hope that I yet may receive it from your own hands. "No, Eliza; I feel it to be impossible. I know that the hand of death is upon me!" And as he feebly uttered these words, his whole frame shuddered, as it were, at the awful conviction. "Good God! Charleston, how you frighten me!" said the lady. Her countenance, however, betrayed no appearance of extreme concern. "I dare not die!" continued the Earl convulsively; "I am no coward—and yet I dare not die!" "My dear Lord," exclaimed the solicitor, in the tone of whose voice the utmost anxiety was manifested, "pray let me send for your friend Dr. Symonds." The sick nobleman might well make an impatient, fretful movement. The proposition might have sounded to him almost like a sarcasm; for the divine was his constant guest, but not of that class who can administer consolation to a dying bed. "Name him not!" ejaculated the Earl: "His very name reminds me of what I would willingly forget!" "Would the presence of any other clergyman be of comfort to you?" inquired Mr. Robinson, of his patron. "None! none! what have I to hope or expect? It might have been different with me; I might have had the kind offices of friends—but I am without one in my extremity!" "Oh, my Lord, do not say so," interposed the solicitor; "I am humble, it is true; but I should not think my life a sacrifice to serve you, to whom I owe every thing." "Be honest to my poor child," said the dying Earl. "As I live, my Lord, and hope to thrive," said the solicitor, earnestly. "And do you forget, Charleston, that I am at your side!" said Mrs. Miltoune, softening as much as possible a voice naturally unpliant. "Will you do your duty faithfully to my child?" said the Earl. "Banish such a suspicion," returned Mrs. Miltoune; "it is indeed without a cause, I shall certainly do my duty to her." "Eliza, you have said a word this night which has planted a thorn in my heart. Swear to me—a dying man—that you will fulfil my wishes!" "I do swear it!" she said solemnly. "Robinson," continued the Earl, after the lapse of a brief interval, in which he drew his breath with great difficulty; "I have done you some service—I believe you grateful—swear to me, by all you expect, that my last request shall be fulfilled." "My dear Lord and kindest friend," said Robinson,

whose voice seemed shaken by some strong emotion, "if such additional proof of my sincerity is grateful to you at such a moment, I do swear it, most solemnly!" "I am satisfied!" said the earl. The silver tones of the clock chimed the hour of twelve. "Eliza!" said the Earl, whose voice had sunk to a low, hollow whisper, "we are friends, I hope! Give me your hand." "You are cold!" she said. "Very—very cold—I feel like ice! get me more covering! Mr. Robinson called Gibson and the nurse. "Good God!" whispered Gibson, as he beheld his master, "he is dying!" The Earl was breathing heavily, and they were all standing silently around him. The valet endeavored to raise his master upon the pillow. "My dear master," said Gibson, with real feeling, "can I do anything to make you easier?" "Swear it! swear it!" unconsciously muttered the dying man. As Gibson raised his Lord, to render his breathing easier, a slight convulsion seemed to shake his frame; his teeth were clenched, and a streak of blood was visible through his compressed lips. At that moment the door opened, and a tall, ungainly looking person entered, and approached the bed. It was Dr. Ellison. A glance at his patient sufficed. "Lay down the body," he said to Gibson; "the Earl is dead!"

Anecdote of Frederick the Great.—Once Frederick marched at the head of the grenadiers of his guard until late at night. At length he made a halt, dismounted, and said, "Grenadiers, it is cold to-night! Come, light a fire!" He wrapped his blue mantle around him, and seated himself upon some bundles of wood, whilst his grenadiers laid themselves down around him. At length General Ziethen came up, and sat himself down next to the King. Both, extremely tired and worn out, soon fell asleep; the king, however, was the first to awake, and observing that Ziethen in his sleep had slipped off from the bundle of wood, and a grenadier was replacing it under his head, exclaimed, softly, "Ah, the old man is indeed tired!" Just afterwards, another grenadier, only half awake, sprung up, and proceeding to light his pipe, happened to touch against Ziethen's foot. Frederick rose up suddenly, and holding up his finger to the soldier, said, in a whisper, "Hush, grenadier! take care, don't wake up Ziethen, he is tired enough! Let him sleep; he was watched long and often enough for us!"

NOVELTIES IN PRESS.

Our neighbor, Mr. Colman, (newly removed to No. 8 Astor House,) has in press, and will issue next week, a clever book on "LONDON IN 1838, by an American." It possesses one great, and to Americans, all-important advantage over every other work heretofore published. It not merely gives a graphic account of the great metropolis, the manoeuvring and management of its various classes of society, and all desirable information, alike interesting to a reader or stranger visiting the place, but it addresses itself particularly to Americans. It is written for them. The author has been a resident of both countries. Throughout the whole of the work he is your *chaperon*. He places you where you would naturally go, shows you the impolity of the step, and then locates you where you will be comfortable and at ease. He then conducts you over the modern Babel and into its recesses. He unfolds the "secrets of the prison house," and the doings in high and low life are alike recorded. The work contains a great deal of valuable and interesting information, anecdotes, &c.

Another novelty, and a choice one, is a sort of "Midsummer-Night's dream" book, by a daughter of the great Coleridge, called *Phantasmion*, one of the most brilliant productions of the last London publishing season.

Athenia of Damascus, Daves's new play, is for sale. We have noticed it in another part of the paper.

Bianca Visconti, or the Heart overtaken, the play written for Miss Clifton by N. P. Willis, is now for the first time printed, and will be published on Monday.

One of the Fine Arts.—Next to books, there is scarcely a greater luxury to the scholar, than to be surrounded by large and well-finished maps. The establishment of Messrs. Colton and Disturnell, presents a magnificent array of these instructive pictures, and they are offered for sale on terms to justify even the prudent, in indulging their taste in objects so desirable. The art of map-making has reached a state of high perfection in our country, and deserves that liberal encouragement, which its great usefulness so evidently demands.

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OF THE CORSAIR;

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As the piratical law of copy-right secures to them, free of expense, the labors of Bulwer and Boz, Scribe and Balzac, with the whole army of foreign writers, they cannot at present (consistently with the pocket wisdom so well understood by American Publishers) offer any thing for American productions. Their critical department, however, will be always on the alert for native literature, and to the best of their ability they will keep a running gauge of the merits of compatriot authors.

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New-York, January 8, 1839.

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